THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 265.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, January 6, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

ILLUSTRATED LIST
OF
COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS

For SALE and to be LET, published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—
I. Landed Estates.
II. Unfurnished Houses for Sale or Letting.
III. Furnished Houses and Shootings.
Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CONVENIENT FOR YACHTING AND GOLF.

RENT ONLY £125 PER ANNUM.

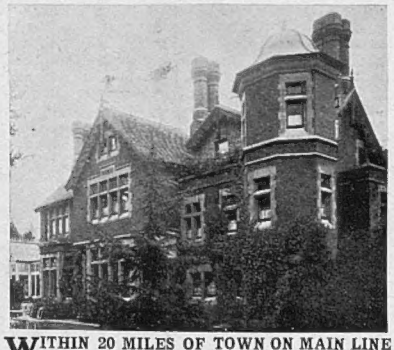
SUFFOLK (IN A MOST FAVOURITE PART, near an interesting old town).—Unfurnished, this charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situate in well-timbered grounds of about 2½ acres.

Dining room (24ft. 8in. by 16ft. 4in.), library (20ft. by 15ft. 8in.), drawing room (21ft. 5in. by 16ft. 9in.).

BILLIARD ROOM (21ft. 5in. by 16ft. 9in.).

9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, excellent offices. Stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room. Cottage for man. Tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubberies. Easy reach of church, post, and main line station.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EXQUISITE GROUNDS OF 7¼ ACRES.



WITHIN 20 MILES OF TOWN ON MAIN LINE (G.C.Ry.)—For SALE (or would be LET), delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in beautiful, well-kept gardens and grounds of 7¼ acres, and approached by a long carriage drive with lodge.

OAK-PANELLED HALL.

4 reception rooms, lofty winter garden, conservatory, full-sized billiard room, 11 bedrooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, ample offices. Reception rooms, halls, and winter garden heated by radiators. Gas and Company's water; also private electric light installation. Close to the house is an annexe with play or schoolroom and 3 bedrooms. Capital modern stabling, men's rooms, 4 coach-houses, gardener's cottage, dynamo and electric light houses, laundry, etc. Lovely gardens, widespreading lawns, orchard and kitchen garden. More land adjoining can be purchased. Close to

SEVERAL GOOD GOLF COURSES.

—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

600FT. UP. SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL.

SACRIFICIAL PRICE,
to ensure quick Sale.

SOMERSET.—£2,000 is all that is asked by Executors for the Freehold of the above substantially built RESIDENCE, finely situate amidst lovely surroundings, in excellent sporting and social district, near Chard and Taunton.

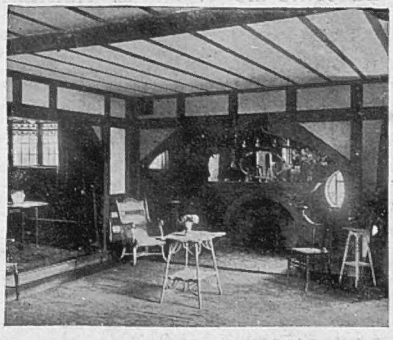
SUNNY ASPECT. SUPERB VIEWS.

Entrance hall, 3 reception and 9 bedrooms, bath, servants' hall. Stabling for 5, rooms for man. Cottage for gardener. Beautifully timbered grounds of exquisite charm, terraces, tennis lawns, shrubberies, pergola, walled kitchen garden, glass, and meadow-land of 5 acres.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CHALFONT ST. GILES.
Fine healthy position. Beautiful country.
NEAR GOLF AND GOOD TRAINS.

THE RESIDENCE AND STABLES.

£3,550.—Unique well-built RESIDENCE, with 6 acres of pretty grounds. Charming lounge hall with beamed ceiling, drawing room with inglenook, dining room and servery adjoining, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices.



THE BEAM AND PLASTER HALL.

Metal casements throughout, and three artistic coloured-glass lights. Small stable, in character with the House, and rooms over. Garden, orchard with over 100 fruit trees, and paddock.—Recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

MORTGAGES.

HAMPTON AND SONS are always in touch with TRUST FUNDS awaiting INVESTMENT in sums of

£2,000 to £45,000

by way of First Mortgage upon

High-class Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property and Landed Estates,

and will be glad to hear from Borrowers or their Solicitors. Interest 3¾ to 4½ per cent., according to nature of security. Mortgage and Investment Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONE HOUR EXPRESS OF TOWN.
Golf. Hunting. Shooting.

£4,500 WITH 8 ACRES.

HANTS (10 minutes of main line station).—For SALE, this capital RESIDENCE, occupying secluded position, and approached by carriage drive.

Dining room (24ft. by 17ft. 4in.), drawing room (21ft. by 17ft.), morning room (17ft. by 17ft. 6in., conservatory, library, and usual offices.

HANDSOME OAK STAIRCASE

and secondary ditto, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths. Stabling for 3, double coach-house or garage. WELL-MATURED GROUNDS, tennis lawn, bowling green, productive, well-stocked kitchen garden, glasshouses, 2 enclosures of pasture-land, set of farm-buildings, etc. Would be sold with more or less land.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.

£180 OR £155 P.A.—For SALE or to LET, Unfurnished, Delightful RESIDENCE, commanding most beautiful views, and occupying

One of the picked positions of the South of England.

The House is situated on a ridge, between 400ft. and 500ft. above sea level, and is

APPROACHED BY A LONG CARRIAGE DRIVE.

Hall, 4 large reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath, and very complete offices. Excellent stabling for 4, 3 cottages, and outbuildings.
Acetylene Gas. Gravel Soil.

THE INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS

comprise tennis and other lawns, pretty rustic bridge over a ravine, extensive woodland walks, walled kitchen garden, and meadow-land, in all

ABOUT 29 ACRES,

the whole forming an ideal Country Residence, amidst the most perfect surroundings. — Cannot be too strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

25 MILES FROM LONDON.
40 MINUTES BY RAIL.
120 ACRES.
RENOVATED HENRY VIII. MANOR HOUSE.

£5,500 WILL PURCHASE a gentleman's RESIDENTIAL FARM, in faultless order, comprising a fine old House, dating 400 years back, with old oak floors, beamed ceilings, etc., in excellent order, and fitted with
ALL MODERN REQUIREMENTS.
Accommodation: square hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 boxrooms, etc.; large stabling and model farm-buildings; about 60 acres grass, 55 acres arable; rich sandy loam on gravel subsoil.—Inspected and highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,133)

SUSSEX (just outside a pretty village on the Surrey borders).—To be LET or SOLD, the above substantially erected RESIDENCE, nearly covered in creepers. It stands in 4½ acres, and contains: fine billiard room (33ft. by 24ft.), 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings.

The pretty old grounds include 2 good tennis lawns, flower borders, small orchard, fruit and kitchen gardens, small paddock, etc.; a large meadow in front can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,112)

TO GOLFERS PARTICULARLY.
HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS.
350FT. HIGH.
G.C.R., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS.—The above old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, situated in fine open country, a drive from Amersham, Rickmansworth, and Chenies, to be SOLD. Accommodation: sitting hall (30ft. wide), 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 7; old grounds of 6 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc; Company's water; modern drainage.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,134)

ABOUT 450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (in a healthy and picturesque locality).—To be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a high yet sheltered position, and approached by carriage drive, with picturesque lodge at entrance. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 4, and good men's rooms. The grounds extend to about 6 acres, and include tennis and croquet lawns, and additional land can be had; soil, loam on sandy rock; good supply of water; modern sanitation.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (783)

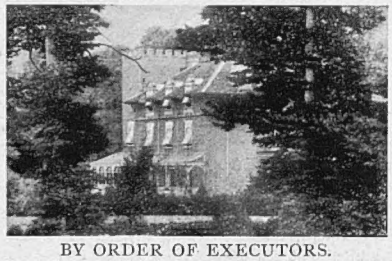
THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5; 2 lodges, cottages, etc.
MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.
Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)



BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. LAKES. FARMERY. COTTAGE.

BERKS (over 300ft. above the sea, on gravel soil).—To be SOLD, this FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 110 acres with a Residence, in nicely timbered grounds. Accommodation: 3 reception, billiard, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and usual offices; excellent supply of water; electric light; thorough system of sanitation; ample stabling, harness and cleaning rooms, coach-house and motor-house with pit; coachman's cottage; the gardens and grounds are inexpensive to maintain, and include tennis lawn, large vegetable garden, 3 orchards, greenhouse, vinery, etc.; gardener's cottage; there are 2 large lakes stocked with trout; the farmery includes 2 ranges of buildings well adapted for a
STUD FARM OR PEDIGREE HERD.
The land is nearly all old pasture in excellent condition, well fenced, and every paddock watered; 4 cottages.—Further particulars of
THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE,
3 and 4, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (2,709)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position, commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms and conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; capital detached stabling for 4, harness room, coach and motor-houses, and 2 men's rooms; delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental lawns, herbaceous borders, 2 good tennis lawns, walled fruit and kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, in all about 13 acres; near excellent golf courses.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (2,902)

20 MILES FROM TOWN.
ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 520 or 90 acres, with the above sixteenth-century Residence in good preservation, having been restored at great outlay. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, picture gallery, 22 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 9; attractive pleasure grounds; fishing in river running through grounds; farmery; hunting; Company's water; station 1¼ miles.—Details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,039)

AN HISTORICAL COUNTY SEAT.
ABOUT 2 HOURS WEST OF LONDON.
EXCELLENT SHOOTING. GOOD HUNTING.
A GOOD INVESTMENT.

TO BE SOLD, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE, extending to 3,000 acres, with a stone-built Mansion erected in 1757, occupying a good position in an old deer park with a picturesque lake. Accommodation: entrance hall, suite of 5 good reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 13 horses; 220 acres of woodlands; 8 fertile farms in excellent order; 2 licensed houses; pretty country cottages with large gardens and an entire village; actual and estimated rent roll about £3,800. The Estate is in good order and inexpensive to maintain.—Photo and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (1,818)

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, enjoying a high situation, about 100 yds. from the road, and approached by winding carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 3, garage, and man's accommodation; the lovely old grounds are well timbered, and include tennis lawn, rose walks, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, woodland, pasture, in all about 35 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,059)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

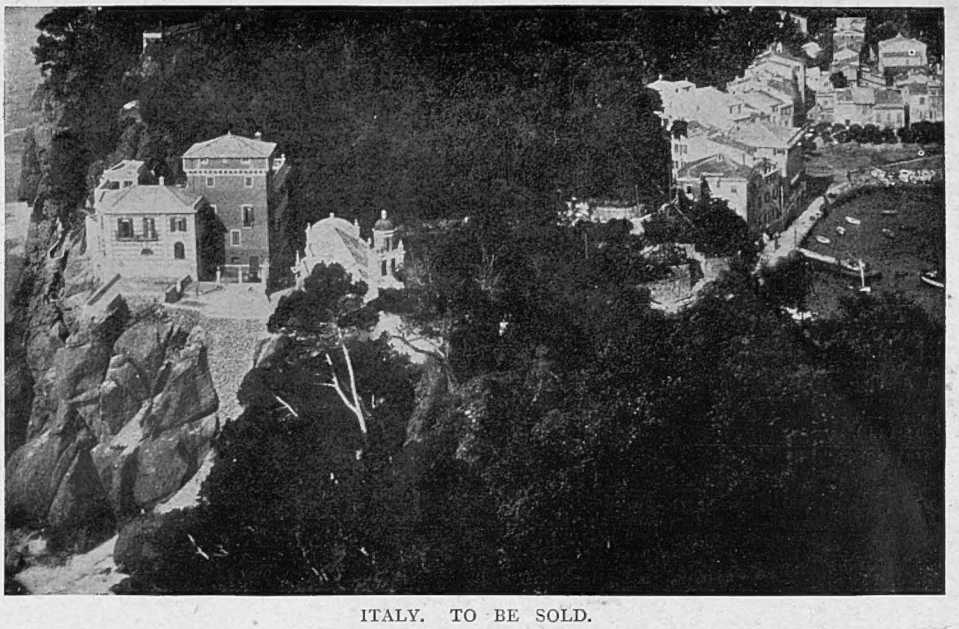
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."



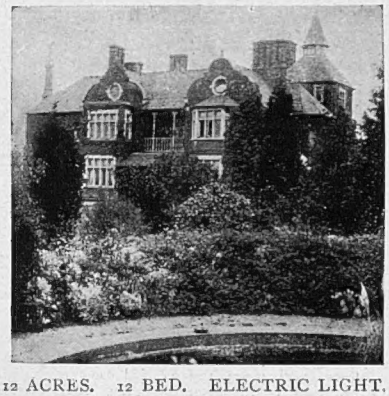
ITALY. TO BE SOLD.

CASTELLO SAN GIORGIO, PORTOFINO.—This romantically situated RESIDENCE, built on the ridge of a promontory, with the open sea on one side and a peaceful village and a natural harbour on the other, offering every yachting facility; 2½ miles from Santa Margherita Station and 1 hour from Genoa. It commands most varied and extensive views in this very beautiful portion of the Riviera; absolute quiet and no dust; built and furnished in the style of an old Genoese Palace, lighted throughout by electricity, and with hot-air apparatus. It contains a vast hall and vaulted staircase, 5 reception rooms, long gallery, 2 loggias, grotto, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, menservants' quarters, and good domestic offices; the gardens, which extend to the sea on both sides, contain a variety of sunny and sheltered corners, while the House has been so constructed as to be comfortably habitable both in summer and winter; the greater portion of the Furniture is also for Sale to the purchaser. (Series of views at offices.) (21,519)

Near the above is a well-built RESIDENCE to be SOLD or LET, Furnished, comprising 3 reception rooms, loggia, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and stabling, in well-shrubbed gardens, and having private path leading to the sea with private frontage, bathing, and tea-house. (21,520)

Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, who recommend both Properties from a personal inspection. Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—£2,900 will PURCHASE a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3; 4-roomed cottage; pretty pleasure gardens; well-stocked kitchen garden, and glass-houses; occupies a high situation; South aspect; lovely views; 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; 12 minutes from station; easy reach of Ashdown Forest golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,205)



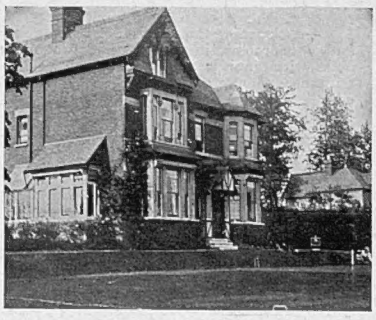
12 ACRES. 12 BED. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

70 MINUTES FROM TOWN (1½ miles' express station).—This modern RESIDENCE, occupying secluded position, and containing: large square hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bathrooms; stabling, coach-house, and rooms over; 2 full-sized tennis and 1 croquet lawn, orchard, garden, and paddocks. To be SOLD.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,923)

FIRST-RATE HOUSE.

BETWEEN BRIGHTON and LONDON, on high ground, with extensive views over the Weald.—To be SOLD (or would LET), ESTATE of 117 acres or RESIDENCE and ground without the land. House is approached by drive with lodge, and contains: 11 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 6; excellent lawns and gardens.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (21,343)

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes walk from golf links).—For SALE, at a reduced price, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)



BUCKS (550ft. above sea, on the Chilterns; perfectly rural and good hunting district, ¾ hour by rail from London).—Medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above) and 13 acres for SALE, all in first-class order, and commanding magnificent views; stabling for 8 horses; cottages; pretty, well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and meadow-land; modern drainage; water laid on. Close to golf. Price, £4,300.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,238)

400ft. UP. 77 ACRES.

KENT (1¼ hours from Town, in lovely rural country), very comfortable HOUSE amid well-timbered park-lands, and containing: 4 large reception rooms, bath, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 1 large enough billiard room; good stabling; very pretty but inexpensive gardens, woodland, lake, 3 acres; light soil; Company's water available; excellent farm-buildings, and more land available. Price £6,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,928)

DORKING (close to Boxhill).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, well away from motor dust, approached by private road; lovely and well-timbered grounds of 2 acres, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses; 2 cottages; 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling for 3 horses; gas and water; modern drainage. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,893)

£2,400 WILL PURCHASE Bijou COUNTRY HOUSE and 30 ACRES, in a pretty part of Sussex, a little over an hour from Town: 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; gardens, orchard, 2 conservatories; cottage and outbuildings; 2½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,951)

£1,400 WILL BUY a small, old-fashioned Yachting RESIDENCE on the river Crouch, 40 minutes from London; fairly high situation; 1¼ miles from station; 12 acres good old meadow-land, pleasure and kitchen gardens, tennis lawn; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,251)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS

BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

AUCTIONEERS

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre, with lawns, kitchen garden, vinery, peach-houses, fernery, and range of glasshouses: hall, 3 good reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; electric light. Price £3,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY (Oxted).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a beautifully placed COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with well-timbered grounds of about 10 acres: hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling; gravel soil; gas and water laid on. Rent £275.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 8,122)

CENTRE OF TEDWORTH HUNT.

HANTS.—To be SOLD, at a reduced figure, or might be LET, substantially built HOUSE, especially suited to a hunting man: 3 good reception, 14 bed and dressing, bathrooms; pretty grounds of 4 acres, tennis lawn, etc.; excellent stabling for 16 horses. — Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE SOLD AT HALF COST.

BERKS.—A beautiful COUNTRY SEAT, possessing glorious views, dry atmosphere, 300ft. above sea, gravel soil, water excellent, sanitation excellent: 17 bed and dressing rooms, finely panelled and galleried hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 15; 2 cottages; motor-house; hunting 5 days a week; the grounds have been described as "exquisite"; model farmery.—Further details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS.

FORTHCOMING SALES BY AUCTION.

On Tuesday, February 9, 1909.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will OFFER, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., at 2 o'clock, the following:—

BICKLEY.—An attractive and well-arranged FAMILY RESIDENCE, with stabling and gardens of nearly 2 acres: 5 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, 3 good reception rooms. Main modern drainage, gravel soil. Long Leasehold at £36 5s. Ground Rent.

Solicitor, J. C. ROW, Esq., 14, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

RYDE (Isle of Wight), overlooking the Solent, very central for the town, but quite retired. —The commodious MARINE RESIDENCE, "Moray House": 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms; excellent stabling, cottage, etc.; flower and kitchen gardens and glasshouses. Term, 999 years from 1848, at £38 15s. Ground Rent.

Solicitors, Messrs. NISBET, DAW and NISBET, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

ENNISMORE GARDENS (No. 11).—One of the best HOUSES to be SOLD at a low Reserve. Accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, and good offices; garage for 2 cars; electric light; drainage recently overhauled; stone staircase. Lease, 47½ years. Ground Rent, £125 p.a.

Solicitors, Messrs. PAYNE, SHAW, MACKENZIE and LAKE, 10, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

On Friday, March 26, 1909.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Disposal of the London Properties of the late Miss A. F. LOMBARDE DE LA COUR.

Tolmers Square, 2, 9, and 14	Let to Weekly Tenants at Substantial Rentals, and in good order and repair. An opportunity to Small Investors.
Warren Street, 20, 21, and 22	
Fitzroy Street, 56	
Howland Street, 9	
Devonshire Street, 33	
Pitt Street, 16	
Millman Street, 30	
Great Ormonde Street, 41	

Solicitors, Messrs. J. C. and A. BLAKE, 27, Marlborough Street, Cork.

Full details at the Auctioneers' Offices, Brompton Road, S.W.

Further important Sales will be held and Properties can be included at small cost.

35 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF MARBLE ARCH.—Charming old-world PLACE, shaded by cedars of Lebanon 200 years old, surrounded by 11 acres of gardens and grass: 10 bed and dressing, bath, billiard, and 4 reception: stabling and men's rooms. Lease expiring 1917 at £160; or would be LET, Furnished. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FURNISHED HOUSES.

MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.) *are now revising their Register. Particulars of Properties to Let during 1909 should be sent at once, together with photographs. A very large number were let last summer through their agency.*

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDERS (2 miles from station).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, for term or shorter period: 14 bed, 4 reception rooms; stabling 8 or more; well-timbered grounds and parklands; shooting might be had.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,126)

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.—This charming RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, for term of years: 16 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception; stabling 8; picturesque garden surrounded by well-timbered park 150 acres; capital hunting; golf; electric light.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above (F 1,120)

SALMON FISHING.

CO. CORK (close to the River Lee).—Furnished HOUSE, surrounded by own grounds, 10 acres, with lake: 5 bed, 3 sitting rooms; stabling, etc. Moderate inclusive rental.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,134)

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired. — Particulars of H., c/o Box K 7,211, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE and about 50 acres. The Property is situate on high ground, and commands lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT (in a beautiful part, 1 hour's train journey of London, and easily accessible to all parts of the county). — To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in a nicely timbered park, and commanding picturesque views: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; also servants' hall and housekeeper's room; good stabling; delightful old gardens, shady walks, tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, etc.—Particulars of A., c/o Box K 4,129, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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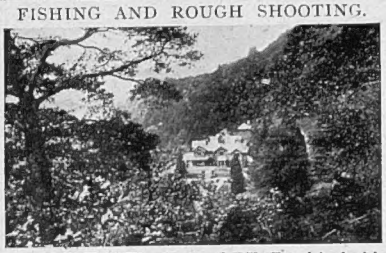

NORTH WALES.—To be LET, Furnished, this very picturesque RESIDENCE, situated on a sheltered slope amidst grandeur of mountainous scenery. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall with fine organ in the gallery, drawing room (48ft. by 18ft.), dining room, smoking room, cloakroom, lavatory, 9 principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 maids' rooms, 2 men's rooms in tower, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 4 horses, large coach-house, coachman's cottage, etc.; well-wooded and beautiful grounds; rough shooting over 7,000 to 8,000 acres, and more can be had if desired; good fishing.

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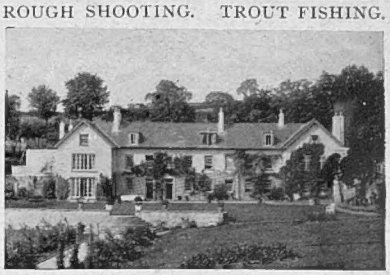

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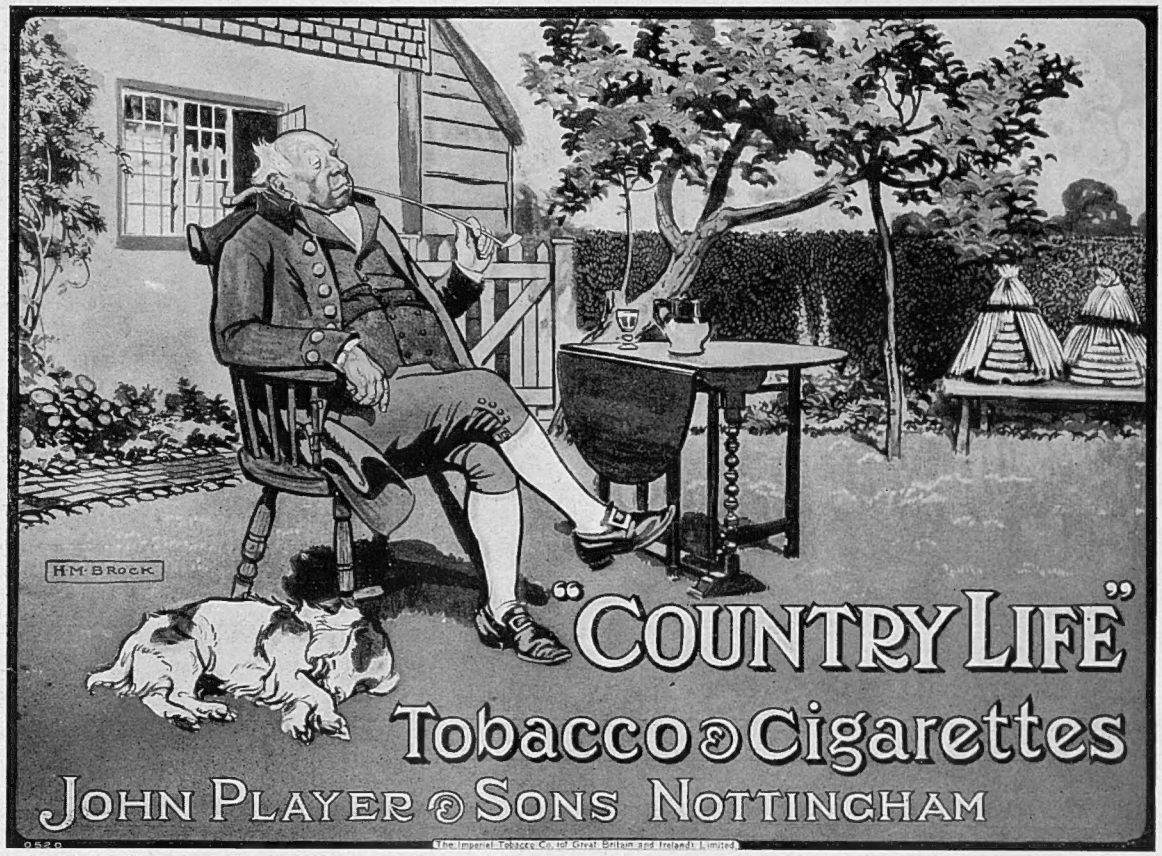

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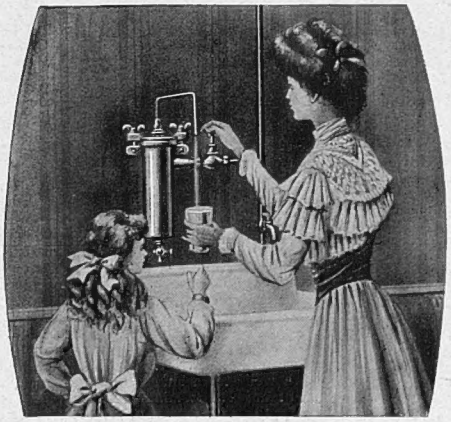

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Photo *Lafayette*

A LAMPLIGHT STUDY OF THE DUCHESS DOROTHEA MARIE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

The Duchess, who is the daughter of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Louise of Belgium, was married to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein in 1898, but they have no children. She has recently been in London, but though a frequent visitor to this country, she is very quiet and retiring, and the above photograph is one of the very few that have ever been taken of her

No. 266—Vol. XXI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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"Burne-Jones." By J. E. Phythian. (Grant Richards: 2*s.* net.)

"Among the Rivieras." By Gordon Home. (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Brother Officers." By Horace Wyndham. (Everett: 6*s.*)

"Naval Warfare." By J. C. Miller. (Longmans: 2*s.* net.)

"The Way We Live." By G. Hackenschmidt. (*Health and Strength* Co.)

"London, Passed and Passing." By Handslip Fletcher. (Pitman: 21*s.* net.)

"The Silver Cross." By J. Stenning. (Ouseley: 1*s.* net.)

"Mark Talbot." By Crofton Spencer. (Ouseley: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Life and Times of Robert Emmot." (Ouseley: 6*d.*)

"The Children of the Gutter." By Arthur Applin. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"Some Characteristics and Requirements of Childhood." By Alice Ravenhill. (Arnold: 9*d.* net.)

"*Live Stock Journal* Almanac, 1909." (Weston and Co.: 1*s.*)

"Franco-British Exhibition Illustrated Review." (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.* net.)

"The Canon in Residence." By V. L. Whitechurch. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Vincenzo Bellini." By W. A. C. Lloyd. (Sisley's: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

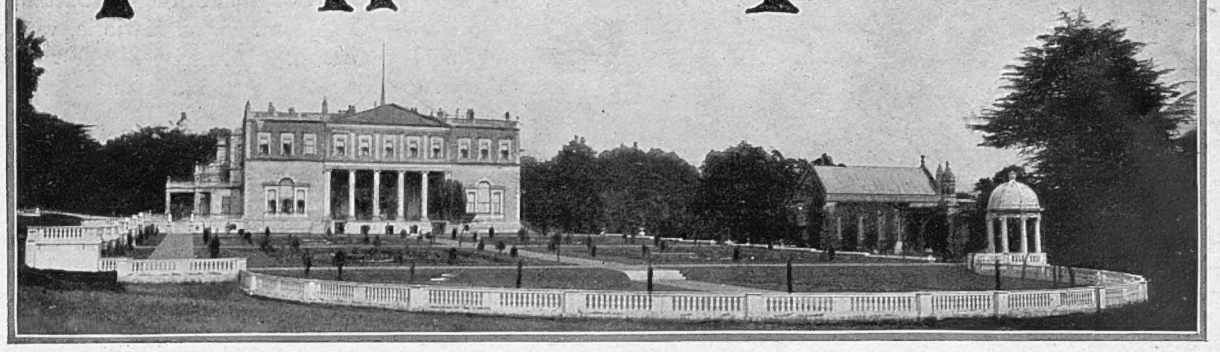

Photo *J. Pottle*

Crichel Hall, Wimborne, the Dorsetshire Seat of Lord Alington, the King's Host of next Week

Country Houses

During a few weeks after Christmas the house-parties flourish exceedingly, and the countryside sees most of the important Society people either hunting or shooting. Now that the King may be said to have recovered from his late attack, he will take up the round of visits he had planned. Crichel, on Monday, the 11th inst., will have the pleasure of welcoming both his Majesty and the Queen. Lord and Lady Alington have been busy preparing their comfortable house. For the entertainment of Royal guests, although simplified in these days, is still no slight undertaking. It will be remembered that Lord Alington formerly sat in the House as a Conservative Member for Dorset, and married, in 1883, a daughter of the fifth Earl of Hardwicke, who is handsome, clever, original, and the brightest of hostesses.

* * *

Further Royal Movements

His Majesty went over from Sandringham to Colonel Frank Vivian's lovely place, and enjoyed a day's shooting. After the visit to Crichel, the King will go to Windsor for the observance of the anniversary of Queen Victoria's death. From Windsor he will make a short visit to Lord Burnham at Hall Barn, returning to the Castle, from where he will motor to Town and elsewhere for short sojourns.

* * *

The Postponed Berlin Visit

It had been formally announced in the *Daily Mail* that the King's visit to Berlin has been definitely abandoned. It now turns out that it has only been "postponed." Any regret expressed at the delay will, so far as the King's suite is concerned, be more polite than real, for at the last formal visit, in 1889, it is generally known that the arrangements for the accommodation of the King's *entourage* were so crude that there was acute friction between its members and the Comptroller of the Kaiser's household. Accustomed, as they were, to the generosities and comforts of life in a British Royal household, they found it exceedingly difficult to get reconciled to what they called "starvation diet." Breakfast, consisting of coffee and rolls, did not suit the English appetite, nor did cold pork and potato salad — even though stated to be the Kaiser's favourite dish —altogether constitute the supper ideal. There was, therefore, some trouble, for the Comptroller flatly refused the Englishmen's request that they should be allowed to board out!

Photo *Gabell*

Photo *Thiele*

Host and Hostess of the King: Lord and Lady Alington

Who are entertaining his Majesty, and a numerous house-party, in the interval between the Royal stay at Sandringham and the removal of the Court to Windsor for the winter. This portrait of Lady Alington, in Georgian costume, illustrates her love of theatricals, in the "dressing" of which she has great taste

* * *

Lady Auckland

I see that Lady Auckland — who does not like the American newspaper way of interviewing people—states that she will give £100 to any reporter who can find her when she arrives in New York. This ought not to be very difficult, for even the house of Eden, which has had so many beautiful daughters, one having been the only love of William Pitt, has had no more distinguished and brilliant member than the present Lady Auckland herself—one of the most beautiful of Society women who have taken commerce under their wing. With a good deal of aid from Lord Auckland, who worked with great skill and courage, she, until recently, ran a shop in Baker Street, where she arranged for the decoration of houses and sold antiques of various kinds. I fancy that this is a business beset with many a pitfall. And, although experienced and dowered with excellent taste, it is

Three Women of the Week

Photo *Rita Martin*

Lady Auckland

Who is the author of a sporting offer of £100 to the journalists of New York, if they can discover her on her arrival there

possible that Lady Auckland found "the trade" rather against her. In any case, the shop is closed, and knows the grace and charm of the noble traders no more. This seems a great pity, as the firm was most businesslike, as well as agreeable, and made the bothering affair of shopping a sheer delight. Lord and Lady Auckland are full of good spirits and energy, and one expects to hear of their conquering some new world ere long. Early in the year they will be in America.

* * *

A Rich Baby

The advent of a son and heir to Mrs. Geoffrey Skeffington Smyth is an important event, inasmuch as the little stranger will grow up to be a very rich man. Mrs. Smyth was a bride of a few years ago, and is the happy possessor of a large fortune. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Galway, and was the heiress of her uncle, Mr. Goslin, and a large amount of money. She was much in Society as a girl, and, with her husband, Captain Geoffrey Skeffington Smyth, is very popular.

* * *

A Dis-engagement

Lord Midleton's younger brother, the Hon. Arthur Brodrick's engagement to Lady Marjorie Stuart Erskine, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Buchan, has been broken off, and the wedding will not take place. Mr. Brodrick is a Captain in the 5th Battalion of the West Surrey Regiment. Lady Marjorie, whose two married sisters are Lady Muriel Willoughby and Lady Evelyn Guinness, has been much interested in nursing, and spent some months at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children.

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Royal Good Wishes

It might be said that those things Queen Alexandra did not do for others at Christmas and the New Year were not worth doing. Although her Majesty suffers a good deal nowadays from her eyesight, she penned a charming letter with her own hand to be read out to the inmates of many a hospital and home. As for telegrams of good-will, she has despatched them right and left. The Royal letter, bearing kind wishes, to Miss Agnes Weston, the sailors' friend, recalls that the late Queen entertained a warm admiration for Miss Weston, and would talk in quite intimate fashion with her at Osborne. When Miss Weston last met the Queen she told her Majesty that all seamen declared they looked upon her as their personal friend. "Ah!" said her Majesty, "I am obliged to you, Miss Weston, for telling me this. Alas! we seldom hear these things."

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Married Yesterday: Mrs. Claud Sykes

Née Miss Evelyn Alexander, daughter of Mr. James and Lady Emily Alexander, and niece of Lord Cork and Lord Clanricarde, whose marriage to Mr. Claud Sykes, Grenadier Guards, took place yesterday (Tuesday)

Photo *Fellows Willson*

Mrs. Skeffington Smyth

The wealthy wife of Captain Geoffrey Skeffington Smyth, to whom has just been born a son and heir

The Viceregal Bride

A CHARMING STUDY OF LORD MINTO'S DAUGHTER, LADY VIOLET ELLIOT

Photo *Alice Hughes*

TO MARRY LORD CHARLES FITZMAURICE AT THE CATHEDRAL, CALCUTTA

The most important and most brilliant social event of recent times in India will be the wedding at Calcutta, on January 20, of Lady Violet Elliot, the Viceroy's pretty daughter, with Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, the son of one of the greatest of India's former rulers, Lord Lansdowne. Lady Lansdowne is now in Calcutta, and the marriage will be celebrated amid truly Oriental splendour and in the presence of all Indian Society

Ringing in the New Year

THE LAST MERRY-MAKERS AND THE FIRST PENSION TAKER

Photo *L.N.A.*

Generals Join in "Auld Lang Syne" at a "Hogmanay" Celebration at Aldershot

Left to right: Brigadier-General Simpson, Captain Meikeljohn, V.C. (Gordons), Regimental Sergeant-Major Mathews, General Grierson, and Colonel Gordon (Officer Commanding).

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The First Claimant for an Old Age Pension

Mrs. Parker, of Stockwell, handing in her cheque early on January 1. The joy of such scenes was, unfortunately, marred in several cases by fatal collapses owing to excitement

New Year's Eve at the Hotels: Welcoming 1909 at the Carlton

Over a thousand people sat down to the New Year's Eve supper at the Carlton Hotel to welcome the coming of the New Year. At a minute to midnight all the lights in the dining-room were extinguished, and a fanfare of trumpets by the band signalled the entry of 1909. A chime of bells rang out at each stroke of the midnight hour. The guests, joining hands, sang "Auld Lang Syne," followed by the National Anthem, amid much enthusiasm

Curling in a City's Midst

The Old Year! A Belated Retrospect

By the way, it has just struck me that I have said nothing about the New Year. This is troublesome. No weekly paper ought, really, to come out in the first week in January without some carefully worded greeting to its readers, coupled with a sage and serious retrospect of the past twelve months. One ought to be puzzling one's brain to lay hold of something that has happened to make the year memorable, but in the case of 1908 this is difficult. No two people will think it memorable for the same thing. For instance, diplomats will say "Turkish Constitution"; politicians "Death-knell of Lords," or "Old Age Pensions"; sportsmen will say "Olympic Games," coupled with inaudible allusions to "Yanks"; aeroplanists will just mention their own names; provincials will say "Exhibition"; playgoers simply "Maugham"; the Kaiser will say, hoarsely, "B-B-B-Buelow"; the Chancellor, gutturally, "K-K-Kaiser"; and so on. But who is to say that history will take note of any one of these things? We know less about a year, historically, on December 31 than we knew about it on January 1. The things that will, probably, make it memorable, are happening unnoticed. 1908 may be dinned into the ears of young posterity as the birth-year of some world-figure at present partaking of its bottle on its nurse's knee. Or it may be memorable for the discovery of some principle at present lurking in some tattered notebook, or of some invention at present dusty and despised in some loft or attic, or of some manuscript, or painting, or sculpture, whose existence is at present utterly unsuspected. It is, therefore, a very modified apology I make for not saying too much about the late Mr. 1908. I cannot really say that I know him.

* * *

A Common-sense King

King Victor's abrupt reply of "Don't talk nonsense!" to the sycophant who said that the Royal presence alone would console the stricken Sicilians is characteristic. A King with less nonsense and more of the other thing does not sit on a throne. The privacy in which he lived and moved before his accession led people to suppose that he lacked intelligence in public affairs. But the real reason was merely Victor's filial piety. He did not agree with his father on general policy, but preferred seclusion to opposition. Once he succeeded, Victor revealed himself, to everybody's surprise, to be a man of iron will and personality. He studies, supervises, and controls everything that is in his sphere. His unexpected appearances at hospitals, barracks, dockyards, etc., are proverbial, and his criticisms are terrible in their terseness. Privately, Victor Emmanuel is the happiest of men, devoted to his Montenegrin wife and his bonnie boy and girls.

The Scottish National Sport Played at Munich

Probably few cities afford equal opportunities in their midst for such a game as curling as the beautiful capital of Bavaria, which, situated 1,700 feet above sea level, enjoys winter at her best and brightest

THE SICILIAN EARTHQUAKE

Such photographs as have reached us of the scenes of the calamity at the time of printing will be found on page 10, with some views of the places afflicted, taken before the earthquake, on pages 11 and 12

Real Winter's First Visit

Photo *Dixon*

Our Forces in Collision: A "Regrettable Incident" at Dover
Where both soldiers and sailors had a wild two days of tobogganing

Snow Scenes

The intelligent foreigner supposes that we are accustomed and prepared for every sort of weather, for he always finds us with a different kind. But, alas! snow in the big cities, especially London, discovers us absolutely unready and astonished. I see the Duke of Rutland wrote to the papers to point out that the crossings in and about Pall Mall should be kept clear of snow. If it be necessary for his Grace to suggest so simple an idea, no wonder that we had three or four days of absolute bewilderment and dislocation, with impassable streets and awful footways.

* * *

The Street Problem

One saw by the papers that thousands of the unemployed were engaged in getting rid of the snow—but still it remained. Is it quite fair, by the way, to ask the poorly fed derelicts of London life to cope with so cold an undertaking? Surely some scientific method could be carried out by trained men much more quickly and with better effect. Round about London, if one were not very busy, the snow brought many pleasures—and touches of humour. Who would expect the wild figures of the ski-ing people at Wimbledon—famous for its tennis and tea-parties? Who would anticipate that a Young Turk would be overtaken in our streets and misled in the pathless wilderness of snow? Many of our photographs show lively scenes which owe their merriment to the same cause as other scenes of sorrow and despair.

* * *

English Ski-ing

Ski-ing in South London! That has been the phenomenon of the recent sudden and ample snowfall. Occasionally, there is, of course, a little sport up North, and by the Derbyshire Peak. But ski-ing on the Surrey slopes is an experience which those who enjoyed it last week will not readily forget. Those superior persons who have left their suburbs for Sweden and Switzerland with patronising words of farewell to those compelled to stop at home in the slush, have been, I hear, deluged with photo-postcards giving actual evidence of the sport in the despised home counties, showing those indulging in it in many varied and weird attitudes. Interest, therefore, in Davos, St. Moritz, Grindelwald, etc., has been somewhat slack this New Year. England was satisfied with her brief Alpinisation, and, with the arrival of the thaw which inevitably followed the announcement that the Amateur Skating Championship would take place, proceeded drearily on her slushy way.

Photo *Dixon*

A Roaring Time with the Skis!
The awkward but happy Englishman on Wimbledon Common, photographed in (almost) a perpendicular moment, while trying the gentle Scandinavian art of ski-ing, which, by the way, has never come so far south before

Photo *Bolak*

Their Lodging on the Cold Ground: One of the Snow's London Tragedies
This scene of outcasts asleep on the Thames Embankment affords a sad contrast to the enjoyment and gaiety which last week's snowfall brought to many others

Last Week's Arctic Humours

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

King's Road, Brighton. Bears an Unwonted Aspect

The King's recent visit to Brighton, and the mild w ather during his stay, led to a large influx of Christmas visitors, who, however, ha dly appreciated the unexpected arctic state of affairs, which set in and turned their favourite promenade into a wilderness of snow

Photo *L.N.A.*

Not a Case of Turkish Delight!

A young Turkish admirer of our Constitutional methods, but not of our winter weather, consults two friendly policemen in the City

Photo *Dixon*

Snow Sports in London: Tobogganing on Parliament Hill

Snow so often comes after the holidays are over that its advent a few days after Christmas was hailed with the greatest delight by all the youngsters, and also by those grown-ups whom business did not drag up to the icy slush of Town. Wherever there was a hilly open space there people most did congregate, and sleighs and toboggans appeared as by magic from every side

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

Some Zoo Creatures Who Welcomed the Snow

Though the cold and snow meant an anxious time for those responsible for the well-being of many members of the big family at the Zoo, no worry was felt for the Bactrian camels and the Polar bears, who would really prefer this sort of weather all the year round. The white bears lost most of their usual apathy and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, while the northern cousin to Kipling's "devil and an ostrich and an orphan child in one," the Bactrian camel, whose true home is in Central Asia and Siberia, was evidently touched by familiar memories of winter on the illimitable steppes

The Earthquake: First Photographs of the Disaster

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Ruined and Burning Messina: The Devastated Port Immediately After the Disaster

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Horror in Calabria: One of the Wrecked Streets in Reggio

The awful nature of the Sicilian and Calabrian disaster of last week is partially brought home to us by these first photographs of the scenes of desolation and ruin at Messina and Reggio. Shattered by the earthquake, Messina was further devastated by the great seismic wave and by fire, and three-quarters of her population of 140,000 were wiped out. Reggio, on the Calabrian coast, suffered a like fate

Stricken Sicily

To turn to the earthquake, the horror of it has, for one week, driven most other topics from men's minds. Mother Earth, with sad lack of originality, has repeated her exhibitions at Jamaica and San Francisco, but, this time, in Europe. In total disregard of human life and classic tradition, she has devastated places at once populous and literary. But why, as a scientist has asked us, abuse Mother Earth for that? What is Italy, with her traditions, to her, that she should show her any special respect? Geologically, the peninsula is one of the youngest of European countries. Only comparatively recently has she, out of a mass of islands, assumed peninsular shape. From Earth's point of view, Italy is not, even now, in her full state of development; her "upward growth" still proceeds. A periodical earthquake is, therefore, a scientific necessity. This is, however, miserable consolation. The terror of it all, the suddenness with which the teeming cities were overwhelmed in the darkness of night and the silence of sleep, are surely the first things which go to the heart of the average man. And then comes the thought of relief. The whole world has come to the succour of the stricken country whose past glories and present beauty fill our thoughts so often. It is appalling to think of the places one has known in all the glory of the Southern sun, as a chaos of ruin and

Foul Play in a Fair Place

MOTHER EARTH'S TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON SICILY

Photo *View and Portrait*

MESSINA AS IT WAS BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

Messina, the second city in Sicily, occupies—more correctly, now, "occupied"—a narrow strip of land between the hills and the deep, safe harbour. Although of very ancient origin, having been founded in B.C. 732 by the people of Cumae, the city which is now destroyed, with appalling loss of life, contained few antique buildings, as it suffered devastation by earthquake in 1783. Messina was the last place to yield to the Italian troops in 1861

Photo *Underwood*

MOUNT ETNA SMOKING QUIETLY, AS SEEN FROM CATANIA

Snow-clad and smoking Mount Etna, the perpetual reminder of the volcanic and seismic dangers of the district, has augmented the panic by its activity, but Catania—this view is taken from the tower of the Church of St. Michael—has escaped the worst of the horror, the chief damage being caused in the docks and harbour by a tidal wave set up by the earthquake. Hither have flocked the half-clad and half-starved victims from the more severely stricken districts, so that its own griefs have been nearly forgotten in the greater distress of the refugees from Messina and elsewhere. The city has several times suffered by earthquakes, in 1669 and 1693, but it has on each occasion risen Phœnix-like from its ruins

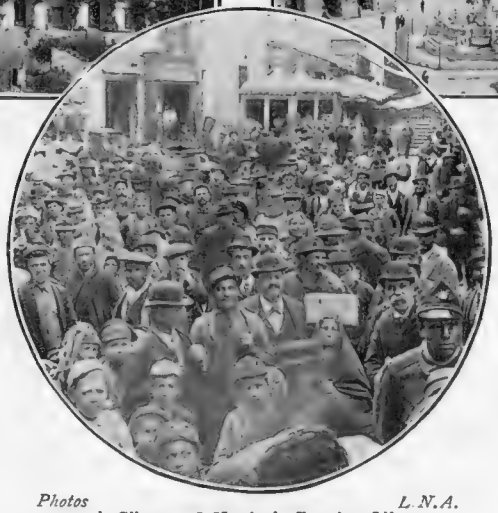
"Seismologically Disturbed"

A View of Catania

With the Convent of St. Benedetto and Etna in the distance. Catania is built, and is largely paved, with the lava from Etna, which is ascended by tourists from the town. One of the warmest places in Sicily, Catania is also one of the dullest, and its sights, excluding Etna, are soon exhausted

The Cathedral, Messina, now in Ruins

Previous earthquakes had destroyed the beauty of the Cathedral (S. Maria), except that of the west end, here shown, with its marble coating, and the Gothic portals. The building enshrined mosaics and the famous Letter of the Virgin, said to have performed many cures. The fountain dates from 1551



Photos *L.N.A.*

A Glimpse of Messina's Teeming Life

In the Market, now, alas! in ruins, and the place of death

death 'mid "struggling, and blood, and shrieks," as poesy has sung of Troy—yet the cold heart of the seismologist beats, I am afraid, but little the faster at the tale of human suffering. It is the scientific aspect which appeals to him—the size of the earthquake. I fear there has been some disappointment in seismic circles as to the quality of this latest "disturbance," as the Professors coolly call it. The ordinary man judges an earthquake, unscientifically, no doubt, by the number of its victims. Not so the scientists. Professor Milne has been telling us that "the magnitude of an earthquake, as a terrestrial shock, is not necessarily measured by the loss of life." Some of the very finest earthquakes have killed nobody whatever, as a seismologist I know exclaimed to me the other day when I, all unscientifically, referred to the "magnitude" of the Italian disaster. I was shocked to see him positively furious at the "fuss" the newspapers are making over what he regards as a comparatively tame affair! I do not envy such an attitude, even in a scientist. The seismological mind, I concluded, is satisfied with little less than a "disturbance" which forces a whole island above the surface of the sea or submerges a quarter of a continent beneath it. To any merely incidental loss of life it appears to be sublimely indifferent.

Photo *View and Portrait*

The Former Centre of Messinian Life: The Harbour, now a Scene of Ruin and Death

The view of Messina from the Straits was exceedingly beautiful on account of the glint of the blue sea with flashes of white sails, and the city's background of roseate and blue mountains. The harbour, resembling a sickle in shape, gave Messina its early name of Zanklê, and is, or was, one of the best in the world. Crowded with shipping and the busy life of a port, it always had an animated appearance, and, with the whole of the Marina, now destroyed, was the centre of Messinian life

Allied Admirals Very Far Apart

"The Best Dancing Man in the Navy"

Our photographs show the two Admirals allied in the recent Naval Feud as far apart as even Lord Charles Beresford could wish to see them. Admiral Fisher is seen leaving the scene of his daughter's wedding on the Monday after Christmas, and Admiral Scott engaged with the officers of the Second Cruiser Squadron in admiring the superb view from the heights above Rio, where he arrived on December 2, and where there has been much banqueting and dancing. These "hurrah" cruises, as the Navy calls them, have a distinct value, as it is most important that our flag should be flown as widely as possible. Admiral Scott has two of the best qualifications for this kind of work. He combines geniality with—gunnery, and to dance with the hero of Ladysmith is a laudable ambition on the part of the various ladies of various ports. Sir Percy is one of the best dancing men in the Navy.

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Our First Sea Lord

Sir John Fisher is a sort of Vicar of Bray of the Imperial Service. Whatsoever First Lord shall reign he seems to remain First Sea Lord. He survived two Tory First Lords and one Liberal, and it looks as though he may survive the present head of the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna. Sir John has, of course, formidable enemies, whose chief grievance against him is that he has played into the hands of Liberal economists, thereby reducing shipbuilding, and failing to replenish stores. He also committed the heinous offence of inviting the public to "sleep quietly in their beds." However, it is a mistake to assume that Sir John's personal influence over naval policy is as great as all that. It is, of course, the Government that shapes naval policy, and the Sea Lord has to be content with getting the best he can out of them. Had Sir John not caved in for the time being when the Liberals first came into power, there is no doubt that the Liberals would have appointed someone more amenable. As it is, it is to Sir John's credit that, under the circumstances, he has done so well and got so much.

Photo *J. S. Place*

Sir Percy Scott and his Officers Excursionise at Rio

Sir Percy Scott and his squadron were received with great enthusiasm in Brazil, where officers and men were fêted on every side. The above shows a merry party overlooking the city and harbour of Rio de Janeiro from Mount Corcovado, 2,300 feet above, which affords one of the finest views in the world

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Admiral Sir John Fisher Attends his Daughter's Wedding

One of the most interesting—and, by the way, most quiet—of recent weddings was that between Lieut. Eric Fullerton, R.N., and Miss Dorothy Fisher, the daughter of the First Sea Lord, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Sir John Fisher gave his daughter away

Naval and Christmassy

Although the wedding of the week—the union of Miss Dorothy Fisher with Lieut. Fullerton—was designed upon wise and simple lines, it was one of the most popular of the year. The bride, who was supported by her father, Sir John Fisher, set an admirable December fashion by wearing her travelling dress of dark-blue cloth and beautiful sables. There were neither bridesmaids nor pages, and the dresses of those present were chiefly remarkable for the rich furs and warm colours, which made up a general effect of comfort rather than gaiety. Very many Naval men were, of course, at church, for both bride and bridegroom are of the centre of the Senior Service. Lady Fisher received at 16, Queen's Gate, after the ceremony, where there were many presents, including those from the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

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Celestial Stories

When the Heathen Chinee administers a rebuke no man can do it better. It was only the other day that a Chinese gentleman of great importance paid a visit to the house of a millionaire Jew in London, and the possessor of some magnificent curios looted from the Palace at Pekin, and others dated a thousand or so years before Christ. The Chinese Excellency examined with interest every curio in turn, and before he left the house was offered a cup of tea by his hostess. Whilst he discussed it, she remarked rather tactfully, "It was very kind of your Excellency to come here. But I feel that, under the circumstances, it was really too bad of us to show you all these treasures!" "Madame," mildly replied the Chinese gentleman as he stirred his tea, "do not thus distress yourself. We shall make as many beautiful things again!"

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Another Chinese Rebuke

It was only the other day, too, that an Ambassadorial Chinese lady was entertained to dinner by a distinguished London hostess. After the ladies had retired into the drawing-room, one, sillier than the

A Restful American Hustler

rest, had the hardihood to ask of the little Chinee if she would be so sweet as to show the assembled party her feet. They had heard so often of "the tiny Chinese feet," but had never seen them, and so on. Well, the tiny owner of the tiny toes smiled an icy, enigmatic smile, and, after a moment's hesitation, replied, "Oh! I shall be delighted to show my feet, if you other ladies will first show me yours. But I had no idea until now that it was the custom for Englishwomen to make an exhibition of their feet after dinner."

* * *

The Empire's Odd Jobs

Our photographs on the next page will serve to remind those of us whose lines are cast 'mid pleasures or palaces at home that the work of the Empire on which the sun never sets never stops. In all sorts of out of the way places, in all parts of the world, Englishmen are busy in all seasons at all kinds of work for the Empire. For the most part their labours, and the results of them, have no trumpeter. The Viceroys and Governors-General are few; the less ornamental, but not less valuable, Boundary Commissioners, Opium Investigators, Commercial Consuls, and so forth, are many—and silent. But they have their triumphs, too. The odd corners of the Empire, indeed, hardly receive the attention they might from the pen of the ready writer. It is, however, certain that some who languish there could tell many queer things, if they chose (to alter slightly one of the slightly altered lays in that ingenious book, "If")

To sing us songs of Africa
And stories of Cashmere,
And yarns that we think would strike you pink
And petrify your ear!

* * *

Photo *Elak*

Mr. Frank Munsey

The well-known American publisher, who has recently delivered a diatribe against authors, who, he says, think too much of the financial side of their profession. Incidentally, Mr. Munsey is a millionaire. How many authors are?

Mr. Frank Munsey on Authors

Mr. Frank Munsey, the world-famous American newspaper and magazine proprietor, foregathered recently with another master mind of the newspaper world, Lord Northcliffe, at a species of Press Congress, and both had much to say about the powers they wielded. But much high-falutin' talk was capped by Mr. Munsey, who delivered a diatribe upon authors, which, for sheer effrontery, will not easily be surpassed. The exact wording escapes me, but the sense of Mr. Munsey's remarks has made an indelible impression. It was to the effect that the modern author thought far too much about making money. That his energies were bent upon acquiring means to keep up a fine house, large motor-cars, and a sumptuous table. In short, that there was too little burning among authors of the midnight oil. Why the good things of this world should be withheld from the poor author and showered upon the man of commerce who exploits him Mr. Munsey did not explain. No doubt it would be a pleasant thing for newspaper proprietors if prices for literary work were put back to the standard which obtained in the days of Grub Street, but this is one of those dreams of avarice that are best left unexpressed. Considering that authors make Mr. Munsey and his kind; that authors provide them with the very luxuries which Mr. Munsey finds such an unworthy spur to ambition, these remarkable utterances upon the modern author can only be regarded as a most lamentable and egregious *faux pas*.

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The Man Himself

But this notwithstanding, there is about Mr. Munsey sufficient of interest to justify a few random remarks about him as a man. He is a tall, distinguished man, of military stamp, with easy, unaffected good manners and *savoir faire*, and the air of one who, born to millions, has acquired the difficult art of spending them with never a hint of ostentation. At least, upon his holidays, which he always spends in Europe, Mr. Munsey has the air almost of a *dilettante*. His movements, gestures, and speech are slow to the verge of indolence. And this is the man who is one of the greatest hustlers of his age! Whether this manner is innate, or is the result of careful cultivation, it is difficult to judge. But certainly Mr. Munsey, unlike the majority of his self-made compatriots, does not betray that feverish hurry which, carried into the trifles of life, is apt to be so trying to the English temperament. Socially, he is a tremendous success in England and on the Continent—one so seldom meets with a restful American.

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An Autocrat of the Press

When it comes to work, those associated with him soon learn to feel the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. It is a common joke in American newspaper circles that the members of his staff, from the editors downwards, are checked as to their arrivals at and departures from the office by a timekeeper as though they were mill hands. He does not spare himself, and he does not spare his employees. Yet changes in his staff are of rare occurrence—one and all are inspired by the greatest loyalty and affection for their chief. Mr. Munsey is very frank about himself and his work. In his magazines one frequently finds a brochure, printed in red ink, in which the history of the evolution of his journal, signed strangely "Mr. Munsey," is set forth like an Emperor's proclamation to his people.

Odd Jobs for the Empire

AND MEN ENGAGED ON THEM IN ODD CORNERS OF ASIA AND AFRICA

Settling the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary: Members of the Commission (Photographed at Ginir) now at work in the Land of the Negus

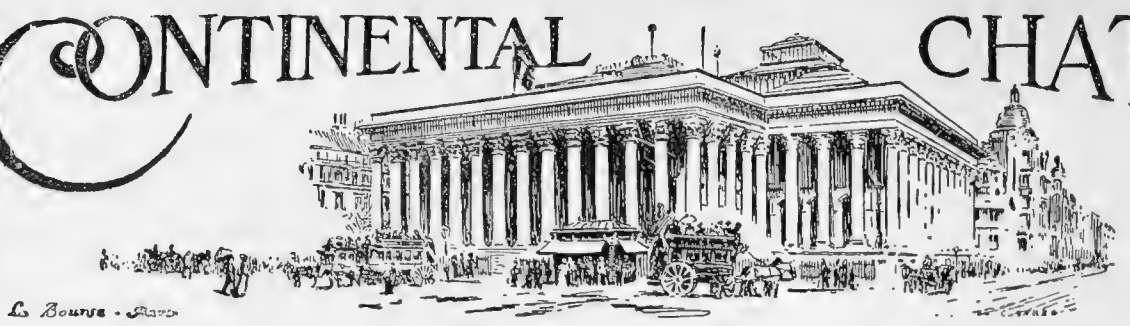
In the centre: Major Gwynn, R.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commissioner. *On his right* (*sitting*): Capt. Waller, R.E., Assistant Commissioner. *On his right* (*standing*): Mr. E. Perducchi, Agent for the Italian Frontier. *On his left* (*standing*): Dr. Drake-Brockman, Medical Officer. *On his left* (*sitting*): Capt. Condon, Transport Officer

To Kill the Opium Fiend: A Singapore Commission which has been Inquiring into the Curse of the Far East

Left to right (*seated*): Hon. David Galloway, M.D., M.L.C., Hon. John Anderson, M.L.C. (President of the Commission), Hon. Tan Jiak Kim, M.L.C. (*Standing*): Mr. W. C. Suter (Reporter), Mr. A. Cavendish (Secretary), Rev. W. F. Oldham, D.D., Bishop of Malaya, of the American Methodist Episcopalian Mission, Dr. W. R. C. Middleton, D.P.H., Mr. E. F. H. Edlin

At home one hardly realises the multiplicity of out-of-the-way activities which have to be carried on in all corners of the Empire at all seasons. Thus Christmas makes no difference to those now settling the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary in the burning lands of Africa. The other Commission was appointed by the Colonial Secretary to inquire into the opium traffic of the Straits Settlements and the Malay States, and is composed of prominent residents of Singapore. A Commission has also, by the way, been appointed to attend an International Conference on the subject at Shanghai next February

CONTINENTAL CHAT



TURKEY IN TRANSITION *(From our Special Correspondent in Constantinople)*

In Old Stamboul

I have been walking day after day through the muddy and busy streets of old Stamboul. Even in their rags and tatters the half-starved inhabitants seem joyous and full of buoyant expectancy. They have been crowding at street corners to give each other the latest news of the new Parliament, and to watch the arrival of new deputies from far-away Yemen and the depths of Asia Minor. At every book-shop window delighted groups spell out to each other the titles of publications on the horrors of the old *régime*, and the advantages of the new. Books and pamphlets, caricatures and pictures against the Sultan are exhibited as if his Majesty had ceased to exist! In the theatres, plays without any action, but full of lecturing dialogues on this subject of endless interest, are given, and crowds listen open-mouthed, realising to the full the immensity of the change, and that all the forbidden things can now be enjoyed without let or hindrance.

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The Happy Sultan

But if his people are happier, it is not at the Sultan's personal expense. People who have known his Majesty for years tell me that his old careworn, anxious, suspicious look is wearing off. He now indulges in lively general conversation. Whilst Prince Axel of Denmark was here, he took much interest in conversation about things Danish, and he enjoys nothing better than a game of "chaff" with Sir Gerard Lowther, who is a great favourite of his Majesty's. The Suffragette movement in London and the pictures in *Punch* are a subject of great amusement to the old Sovereign, who is much tickled by the idea of some of his new reformers of giving votes to Turkish womenkind. The Ambassador's stories of the scenes at Westminster, women kicking in policemen's arms, breaking Prime Ministers' windows, and shouting down male adversaries at public meetings, keep him in fits of laughter, and the first thing he asks Sir Gerard when they come together is for more news of the Suffragettes!

* * *

The President of the New Chamber

If there is one man more than another to whom Turkey should be grateful it is Ahmed Riza Bey. From twenty years of exile he has returned to his native land as a hero in the battle of freedom for which he fought so hard in Paris and in London. His devotion to the cause of the Young Turks, of which he is the leader, is well rewarded. To-day he sits in the seat of honour in the new Chamber of Deputies—which may almost be said to be his creation—as its President. Those twenty years of banishment—spent with a devoted band of Turkish reformers as enthusiastic as himself—he gave up to earnest labour for the benefit of his countrymen, spreading the light of liberty broadcast through the instrumentality of his newspaper, *Meshveret*. When in London, where he was staying just before the proclamation of the Constitution, he made a great impression by his fine personality and intellectual gifts, and his polished manners and geniality brought him a good many friends.

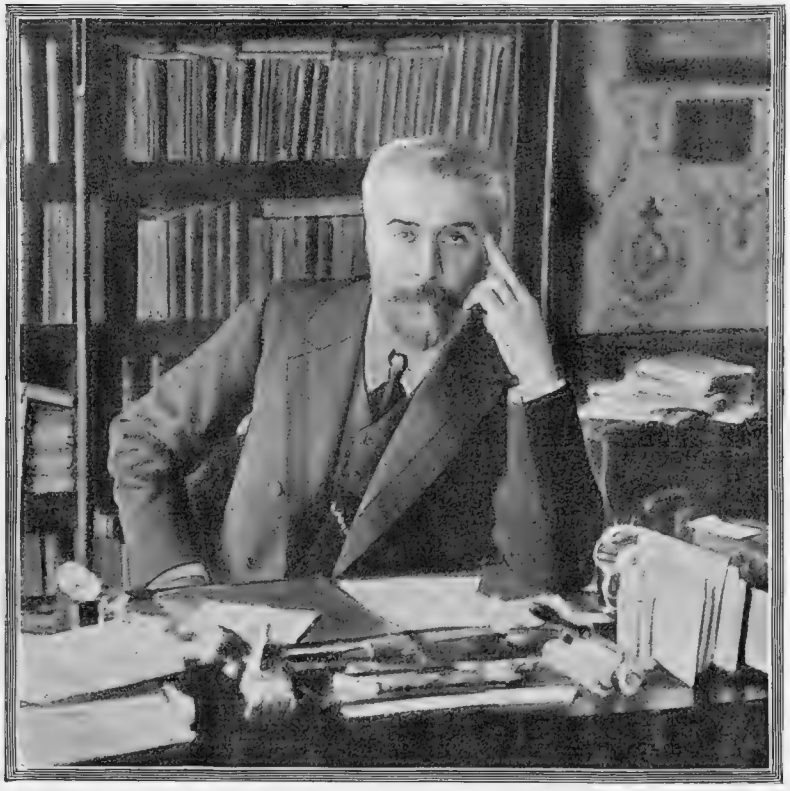


Photo *E.N.A.*

A Turk who has Made, and is Making, History: Ahmed Riza Bey

Who has been elected President of the new Turkish Chamber of Deputies, a striking reward for his labours (during his twenty years' exile in Paris) in furtherance of the cause of the Young Turks

* * *

An Islamic Trinity

The three greatest functionaries in Islam are, or have been, the Grand Vizier, the Cheik-ul-Islam,

"The Old Order Changeth"

THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT PROCLAIMED IN PALESTINE

Photo] THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY AT JAFFA [*Halftones, Ltd.*

Interesting as the awakening of Turkey in Europe proves to thoughtful people, the results in Asia, and particularly in Palestine, are even more fascinating. The ceremony shown above—the proclamation of the opening of Turkey's Parliament—is most striking when considered against the background of the history of the Holy Land. The town of Jaffa is, of course, the same as the ancient Joppa, which is frequently mentioned in the New Testament, and it still retains much of its ancient appearance, many of the old houses, including that of Simon the Tanner, which sheltered Christ, still standing. It has now a flourishing trade in oranges

A President with No Power and Little Pay

and last, but not least, the Chief Eunuch of the Imperial harem. These three alone have the right to the title of Highness. The Grand Vizier is, or was, the head of the civil administration of the Empire, the Cheik-ul-Islam at the head of the ecclesiastical administration, and the Chief Eunuch is Comptroller-General of the Imperial Household and family affairs. It is rather odd to see—at the Selamlik—his Highness the Chief Eunuch, a huge negro, walking in solemn dignity at the head of the carriages containing the ladies of the harem.

* * *

The Reformed Grand Vizier

The Grand Vizier, till the Constitution deprived him of his power, was the Sultan's deputy. In his hands he held not only the reins of absolute government, but he was chief detective, superintendent hangman, throttler, head tax-gatherer, and every other unpopular thing. He bore the blame for his Sovereign's doings, and, when his back was not strong enough, he considered himself lucky if he was only exiled. All that is changed now. The present Grand Vizier has made a healthy exchange of masters. He is no longer the Sultan's *âme damnée*, but he has plenty of burdens to bear from the envy and jealousy of the new Parliamentary rulers of Islam. In private life, the Grand Vizier is a charming man, a real patriarch, and when his thirteen sons and three daughters are collected round him, as they are on certain occasions, he is proud, for in Islam to have a large family of sons is fulfilling the highest mission of a good Moslem. I never heard English spoken more perfectly by a foreigner, and so Western and pro-English is he even in his family life that all his children speak either English or French with elegance.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Dr. Deuchar, the New President of the Swiss Republic

Which enjoys the most democratic Constitution in the world. The President, elected annually, has practically no power, and a very small salary

* * *

Politics and the Koran

At Cabinet Councils, alongside the Grand Vizier and the Ministers of State, sits the Cheik-ul-Islam—the custodian of the meaning of the prophet, the highest judge in appeals in all matters of family succession and land-law, the man who can depose the Sultan, appoint and dismiss him at will. This seems like nonsense to the Western mind. It has to be remembered, however, that the Cheik-ul-Islam can only depose the Khalif for reasons prescribed by the Koran, and no Cheik-ul-Islam would ever face the Moslem world if he gave a decision which was not according to the divine book. So the Sultan has no interest in changing the Cheik. The present Cheik is a strong supporter of the new *régime*. His handsome, benign, Oriental head is one of the finest I have seen here. His subtle, penetrating eyes and calm expression and smooth features, but firm, strong, though not loud, voice, account amply for the deep respect in which he is held. Seated with his legs tucked under him, and dictating his answers to his talented son—for etiquette requires that he shall speak with no strangers in any language but his own—he is a splendid specimen of an Eastern law-giver. If the Sultan violated his oath to respect the Constitution, Parliament would submit his conduct, in the form of a simple question, to this great judge, and it would be for him to determine whether the Constitution had been violated or not. No Sultan would dare to resist a decision which every Moslem would regard as divine law.

* * *

Royal "Society"

The title of Prince and Princess is given by courtesy—but it is not a right—to the sons and daughters of Sultans and their children, and the Sultan himself provides for them out of his tremendous civil list. In the administration of the country, however, they seldom play any part whatever. Along the shores of the Bosphorus is a series of white palaces, desolate and often dilapidated, where these Princes and Princesses lead their monotonous lives among slaves and eunuchs and French novels—when they can read any language but Turkish. I have never felt sadder than when I saw the joy of one of these brilliantly attired and bejewelled Imperial Princesses at receiving a visit from a European lady. Till she was married a year ago, she had not been allowed to see a European at all. She had never heard English spoken before, and it was touching to be asked to speak it, so that she might hear the sound. But this lady is exceptionally advanced and emancipated, for she possesses a small kodak, and rides—about her grounds—on an Anatolian pony! She also plays the piano.

* * *

A Swiss Comparison

It is interesting to turn for a moment to Switzerland, which has long been enjoying what is held to be the most democratic Constitution in the world. The President, elected annually, by strict rotation, like the Lord Mayor of London, has no more power than his one vote in the Executive gives him. He is, therefore, the head of the State only in name, for all power is vested in the Parliament. The President's salary (£720 a year) is about one-sixth of that of the British First Lord of the Treasury. Notwithstanding this apparent perfection of its Government, Switzerland, it is whispered, suffers as much from bureaucracy and demagogic pandering as any country in the world.

Random Jottings

Apropos the discussion on Ancient *v.* Modern languages at the Headmasters' Conference. An Oxford undergraduate, announcing the other day that he was going into the Army, was asked what steps he had taken in that direction. He replied that he had "given up Greek"!

* * *

Professor Sayce has discovered traces of Early Christians on the banks of the Blue Nile. Among the remains are, curiously enough, a number of bottles.

* * *

Military history, according to Gen. Haig, is an absolutely necessary study for an officer. So we should have imagined. What else would the General recommend — the study of conchology or sleight-of-hand?

* * *

Owing to recent exposures, it is proposed to make Poor Law Guardians register their finger-prints before taking office, and report themselves once a fortnight to the police.

* * *

Sir Marcus Samuel declares that "the age of romance in business is not dead." Not, at least, in house agents' advertisements or the annual reports of mining companies.

* * *

Miss Sheila O'Neill—the first lady chauffeur—has, with true woman's foresight fitted up her motor-car with splints and bandages for an emergency case. The idea should be followed up. No up-to-date motorist should leave home without such time-saving appliances as a blank manslaughter warrant, sufficient capital for a £5 fine and customary bail, reference to a clergyman, affidavit of alibi (proving the driver to have been on the Continent at the time of the accident), and a portable copy of the burial service.

* * *

Employing a blind girl as shorthand-typist has been considered by the London County Council. There is a feeling that she could not make many more mistakes than the ordinary typist, while it would be impossible for her to "make eyes" at the male clerks.

* * *

The German Emperor's income of a million a year has been found to be insufficient. This is said to be largely due to the excessive item of £300,000 for postage and telegrams.

* * *

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM RECENT PLAYS

(Revealing the Extraordinary Originality of the Modern Dramatist)

The child, if it lives, will some day be a man—unless it happens to be a girl.—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

Never believe a woman you cannot trust.
HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Money is only valuable for what it is worth.
ALFRED SUTRO.

If we could only realise it, the longest Society "At Home" has frequently an end.
H. H. DAVIES.

With determination, man can easily achieve the impossible.
J. M. BARRIE.

* * *

Coal is still rising in value. A large piece measuring three inches across, however, has just been discovered; it will be sent to Amsterdam to be cut, under the protection of armed detectives, and subsequently placed among the jewels in the Tower.

* * *

An establishment has been opened in New York for the sale of airships. These dainty trifles can be obtained for the sum of from £20,000. This is not, however, so much the obstacle to the average man as the difficulty of keeping it up when you've got one.

* * *

One may be born with the gift of colour, but never with the power of drawing, says Mr. G. Clausen. Judging from the audience he attracted at Sydney, Johnson, the coloured boxer, appears to have been born with both.

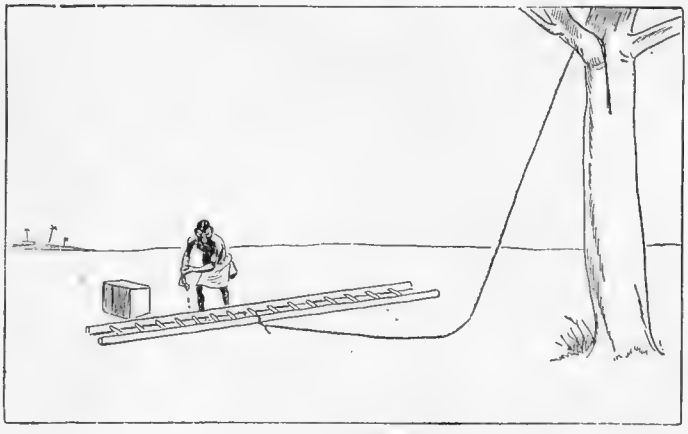
* * *

Humanely and moderately one motor expert proposes to lay the onus of avoiding traffic on the pedestrian instead of the driver. We should like to see this followed up, and an amended Workmen's Compensation Act passed, compelling a servant who falls ill to pay damages for the annoyance caused to her mistress.

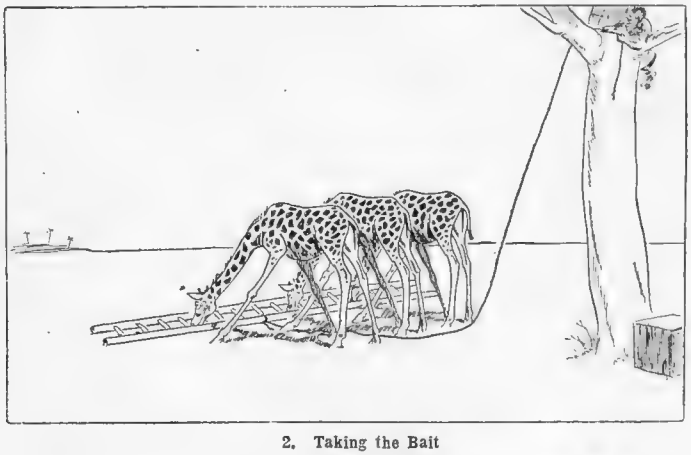
The Matinée Hat
PLAYGOING GOLFER: "Absolutely stymied, by Jove!"
By FRED BUCHANAN

THE GIRAFFE HUNTER

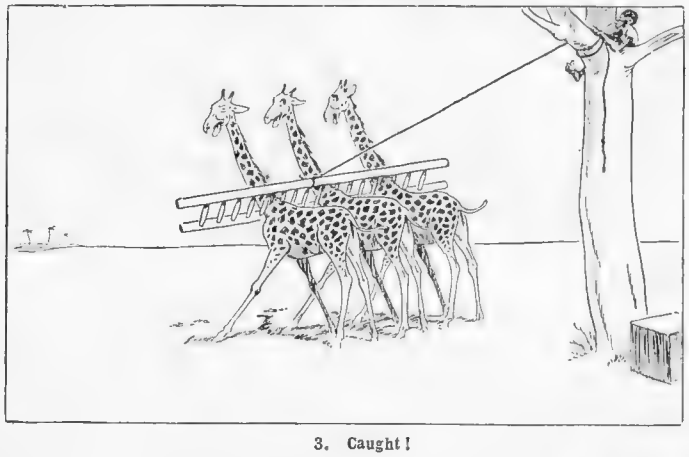
A Capture in Four Episodes



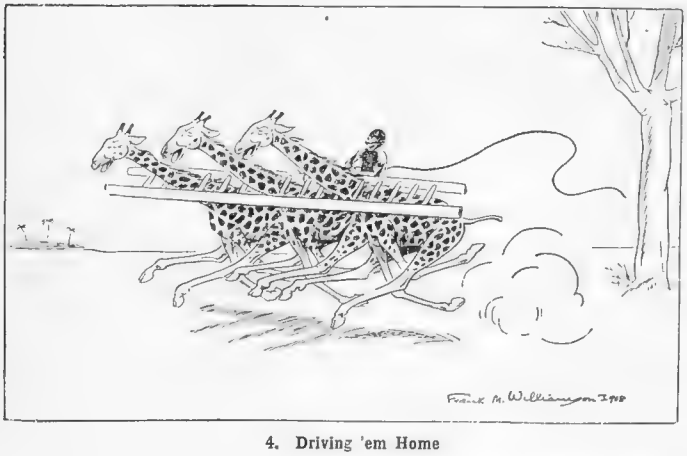
1. The Trap



2. Taking the Bait



3. Caught!



4. Driving 'em Home

By Frank M. Williamson

We are told of a newly-arrived policeman in a northern town who forgot his way to the police station. This sort of thing can't go on, or we shall have something like the following:

Constable O. K. 59 (*to burglar issuing from jeweller's shop*): "Ah, would you? Come along to the police station. By the way, where *is* it, now?"

Burglar (*seizing his advantage*): "And what do you mean, officer, by making an ass of yourself in a public thoroughfare?"

O. K. 59: "I—I——"

Burglar (*in a voice of thunder*): "Come, give some account of yourself!"

O. K. 59 (*breaking down*): "Don't be hard on me, sir. I'm from the country, and can't find the station. Er—couldn't *you* direct me?"

Burglar: "I hardly know what to do with you." (*Takes his number.*)

O. K. 59 (*bursting into tears*): "I'm cold and hungry, sir. Oh, these wretched towns! If only mother——"

Burglar: "Come, come, my man, let's see if I can't do something for you. Just help me with this jemmy and bag to the railway station, will you? Mind, that's *jewellery*."

O. K. 59: "I've been wandering about for hours afraid to ask my way." (*Runs beside burglar.*)

Burglar: "Never mind; when we get to the railway turn to the right and second to the left, and you'll find the police station. Give them my regards—*they know me*."

O. K. 59 (*with eyes streaming*): "Oh, thank you, sir! And, look here—(*lowers his voice and tipping burglar*)—keep this for yourself, and say nothing about it."

* * *

A Song of a Wintry Sale

Sweet wifie, I have read Old Moore,
Who knows such lots about the stars,
And he is positively sure
That we are 'neath the sway of Mars:
And he's corroborated, for
You're waging now your winter war.

Political economy
Is not your *métier*, so to speak,
And all your views on L.S.D.
Are more than lamentably weak;
Yet I must preach to you because
Your policy has obvious flaws.

This skirmishing at winter sales
May call for some display of pluck,
And fairly inexpensive veils
May thereby be obtained—with luck;
But what, dear, is the good of that
If in the fight you lose your hat?

I grant you that the *crêpe de Chine*
Which you acquired for one-and-ten
Would be, if it were wholly clean,
Worth two-and-sevenpence—but then
The gown which you but twice have worn
Is quite irreparably torn.

I own that small's indeed the price
Of that Elizabethan frill;
That roll of flannel's cheap and nice,
And so's that petticoat—but still
Our high-fee'd doctor finds that you
From tip to toe are black and blue.

You've been and spoilt your hat and dress,
And lost your handbag and your muff;
Forgive me, then, if I express
The view that you have done enough.
Bargains are hardly bargains if
Your hubby has to pay the diff. M. T. P.

A Question of Flavour

Montmorency Weary: "What, William! You 'ere! Ain't Camberwell good enuf for yer nah?"
William Tired (puffing): "Yus, Camberwell's orl right, but give me Piccadilly for fags"

BY G. E. STUDDY

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Photo *Percy Gutkerberg*

Miss Maidee Scott

Who has made such a big success as Jill in *The House that Jack Built* at the Marlborough Theatre. Especially pretty is her "Teddy Bear" song

DRURY LANE

"Dick Whittington" AND HIS CAT

The value of the little conjunction "and" is well known in theatrical circles. Actions at law have been fought and lost upon the apparently trivial matter of a position upon the cast introduced by "and." Mr. George Ali has a cause for remonstrance in that Mr. Arthur Collins did not use the full title of the legend, which is known to children as "Dick Whittington *and* his Cat." For the Cat has stolen the chief acting honours of the pantomime. Such a Cat has never been seen. His "part," if expressed in words instead of actions, would be as "fat" a one as an actor ever tackled. This Cat never stops talking in the language which is so much more expressive than the spoken tongue. The children, more skilled than "grown-ups" in make-believe, first tumbled to the charms and wonders of this Cat. This was "pretending" with a vengeance. Then their slower-witted elders began to realise the fine points of this impersonation—the stealthy, cat-like tread, the power of expressing, without mechanical aid, all the emotions—joy, sorrow, pity, surprise, sympathy. Never for one moment did Mr. Ali lose his hold upon the part. Never did he get tired of being a cat and lapse for a moment into a man with a ridiculous mask on his head resembling a pathetic bulldog. He padded through the part from first entrance to last exit—a Cat. So, when you advise your friends to go to Drury Lane, the formula to be used is—"You simply must see Dick Whittington and his Cat."

The Cat alone would have made the pantomime, but the producer has started well, and has literally gone from one success to another. Mr. Collins has set himself a standard so high that it is difficult to see how he can attain it in future years, much less surpass it.

The Harbour of Gold

For the pantomime is not only most amusing, but it contains a scene so beautiful that it would be mere presumption on the part of the average prose-writer to describe it. Mr. Henry Emden is responsible for this breathless spectacle. Many travellers have experienced a shock at beholding some of the wonderful pictures of the world. Suddenly, without warning, they have come across a thundering torrent, bordered with circling white clouds of mist and spray; a fantastic pile of snow-clad mountains; a view from some eminence over a valley of which the richness and abundance recalled the Promised Land. Travellers have been confronted with these triumphs of Nature's handiwork—and have caught their breath.

This scene at Drury Lane—the Harbour of Gold—has the same effect upon the entranced spectator—it makes him catch his breath. It is a scene which starts with a promise of beauty and grows more bewilderingly beautiful. It is a scene which makes one wonder whether one will ever again take the same æsthetic joy in silver and gold and crystals.

A Notable Quartette

To conclude this panegyric upon the pantomime—it is funny. The man in the street is often very terse in his criticisms upon plays. If he be inclined to slang, he says that a show is either "ripping" or "rotten." Now, the man in the street has been saying for some years past that if you want to laugh at a pantomime you must go either to the suburbs or to the big provincial centres, where the "stars" of the variety world are to be found in holiday humour.

Of late years the jokes and the humours of the Drury Lane pantomime have been rather forced. This year Mr. Wilkie Bard has changed all that. He never works to make the people laugh. The fun just oozes gently from his finger-tips.

Truly they are a great trio—Mr. Ali, Mr. Bard, and Mr. Emden. Nor must the services of Mr. Johnny Danvers be forgotten. He came to the rescue of the management literally at the eleventh hour, and, judged from his performance, he might have been rehearsing for weeks.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"Pinkie and the Fairies"

Mr. Tree is a producer of such skill that no form of the drama comes amiss to him. So, when he sets out to stage a play for children and others, we may be assured that he will strike just the right note. *Pinkie and the Fairies* owes much to the producer. So clever is the business and so truly imaginative and fairylike the scenes that we do not mind a want of consistency and purpose in the story. Besides, there is that real child prodigy, Miss Elsie Craven, whose dancing is so finished that one can only compare her with those who have graduated in Continental schools of ballet, and have made dancing the study of a lifetime. Her assurance as an actress is almost as great as her ability as a dancer. She is just as sure and grown-up in her method of scoring a comedy point as she is in pirouetting upon her tiny toes and striking the difficult attitudes of the *première danseuse*. *Pinkie and the Fairies*, with its clever cast of children, including Miss Iris Hawkins and Master Philip Tonge, is just the play to which children ought to take their parents.

E. C. S.

Our Biggest Pantomime

BY NORMAN MORROW

DUKE OF YORK'S

"Peter Pan" Again

"Those whom the gods love die young," but those whom the gods love *most* never grow up. And this is the case with *Peter Pan*, who is every whit his former sprightly self in his fourth public appearance now taking place at the Duke of York's, where he is by no means only beloved by the "gods" but with equal enthusiasm by both "stalls" and "boxes." He is now an established institution of our Christmas season, and will soon become as indispensable as Santa Claus. I have seldom seen a more enthusiastic reception than that which greeted the revival of Mr. Barrie's charming and cleverly ingenuous little masterpiece as on its first night. The entire audience seemed to be composed of "Peter Panites," and there was every excuse for their hearty, if somewhat prolonged, enthusiasm. Miss Pauline Chase is again Peter, which part she plays with all her old charm and delicacy. This year sees a new Wendy in Miss Gertrude Lang, who is all that one could wish for the part of this mother-child. The rest of the cast is practically the same as last year. Mr. Harwood as Captain Hook, Mr. George Shelton as Smee, and the others all being as delightful as of yore. If you miss everything else, don't miss *Peter Pan* before its fourth revival draws to its close.

LYCEUM THEATRE

"Little Red Riding Hood"

There can be no two opinions about the Lyceum production, *Little Red Riding Hood;* for what exception can be taken to a pantomime that is just like a peep into a fairy-tale book? For never was the story more faithfully followed at any theatre, and never with such delightful effect. Think of it. The comedians were only two wicked and screamingly funny boys (Mr. James Forman and Mr. Peter Fannan), and a wily and very real Jew (Mr. Julian Rose), and their humour was never vulgar, and invariably *funny*. Then there was a sweet little girl, Miss Marjory Carpenter, in the title-rôle, who played her part as well as the most talented of grown-ups, and danced beautifully; there was Margery Daw (Miss Alice Russon), a very charming and unaffected young actress; there was Miss Dorothy Craske, a splendid Prince; and a Good Fairy (Miss Eva Kelland), with a beautiful voice and a delightful personality. Mr. Ernest Carpenter and Espinosa (incidentally, the Emissary of Evil) are to be congratulated on the ballets, processions, and evolutions, all of which went with a hearty swing.

AT TERRY'S AND THE WALDORF

Amid the whirl of Christmas productions *The Third Floor Back* still attracts full houses at Terry's Theatre, where all the original cast is now playing, with great power and sincerity, Mr. Jerome's "idle fancy." At the Waldorf, the recently "New-ly" revived old favourite, *Dorothy*, with Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Arthur Williams in their original rôles, is in full swing. The piece has lost none of its fascination and delicacy, and Miss Constance Drever and Miss Louie Pounds make a charming and melodious Dorothy and Lydia.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Magnificent Finale of the Adelphi Pantomime, "Cinderella"

The Adelphi pantomime is one of the most magnificent that has ever been seen in Town. The cast includes Miss Phyllis Dare, who makes a charming Cinderella, and Miss Carrie Moore a splendid Prince, while Mr. Dan Rolyat and Mr. John Humphries are responsible for the fun and frolic of the piece

Chilly Coquetry

"THE MERRY WIDOW" FLIRTS WITH A SNOWMAN

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS LILY ELSIE

Who, as the vivacious and delightful Merry Widow, is still drawing crowds to Daly's Theatre

HOW FOREIGNERS

CONTINENTAL SCENES WHEN

Going to Market in the Spreewald

Where the numerous arms of the Spree, near Kottbus, with the many canals, make skating as much a business as a pleasure. The national costume of the country people is most picturesque, and resembles that of Holland

Photos

A Cross-country Journey in Snow-clad Thuringia

Where the carriage-sleigh comes into requisition when the roads are snow-bound

The Cab of Wintry St. Petersb

The rickety droshkis of St. Petersburg give way in winter t wind, for snow and frost are great macadamisers, and when t Prospekt, St. Petersburg's principal thoroughfare, becomes fixed to the co

OPE WITH WINTER!

AND SNOW RULE THE ROAD

al Street Scene in the Russian Capital

gliding sleigh, a very pleasant conveyance when there is no head renly the most delightful road imaginable is formed. The Nevsky ghs and jangling bells, which toss on the horses' heads or are fill the air with sound

A Berliner's Favourite Winter Pastime : Ice Yachting on the Muggelsee

One of the numerous tracts of water round Berlin which in winter afford opportunities for ice-sports of all kinds

Topical Agency

A Thuringian Postman on his Christmas Rounds

A snapshot at Oberhof, in Thuringia, where the postmen go their rounds over the snow on skis

At Another Milestone of Success!

Photo *Bassano*

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

If the Drury Lane Pantomime had been less amusing and less gorgeous than it is it would still have earned a prominent place in theatrical history owing to the remarkable performance of Mr. George Ali as the Cat. Such a piece of pantomime in its real sense has not been seen for many years. Miss Leighton received a warm welcome on her re-appearance as Dick Whittington

"THE BYSTANDER" SHORT STORY:

THE PRICE OF PERSONALITY

By LEWIS MOLYNEUX

ST. JOHN DAREL had just finished reading the latest "novel of purpose." He very much wanted to kick it to pieces. What had more particularly irritated him than anything else was the introduction into the story of three or four well-known public men, under slightly veiled names. One of these, a famous journalist named David Brake, he knew very well. He was one of the "saintly stalwarts" of the book, and the author had depicted him as in the habit of "saying a word to God" each night. Darel chuckled as he reflected how his friend would writhe under the caricature.

Darel wrote books himself. He made a good deal of money out of them, too, at any rate, since one of the literary reviews had conspired with a fractious morning paper to label him as a decadent. He consequently was not a man to condemn the antics of any fellow-authors without a careful examination of his own conscience. An author, if he must live by his writing, has to cultivate as many tricks as an actor. Again and again must he write with his tongue in his cheek. Just as an actor plays for the entertainment of the audience and not the critics, so does the wise author in the pursuit of bread and butter often write books for the railway journey and not for the library. Darel's name was on the title-page of several novels that he inwardly regarded with the profoundest contempt. If he had not written them, he would still be writing for posterity. And posterity would not publish him.

Ordinarily, therefore, he would have put down such a book as this with a tolerant grin. He would have recognised it as a clever bait for four-and-sixpences. He did not deal in this particular form of pseudo-missionary fiction himself, but he recognised the money value of the article, and by no means blamed the men who exploited it. The responsibility for any harm such stuff could do lay largely with the pulpits which boomed it. But there were special features about this case. The author, a man of the name of Smallwood, was a comparatively rich man. There was no need for him to write at all, much less such fustian as he generally revelled in. And in this last novel he had actually had the audacity to introduce the personality of Mr. St. John Darel, and, what was worse, say particularly unpleasant things about him.

Darel picked up the book and re-read the passage where the character of "Sinclair D'Arcy" first makes his appearance in the story.

"D'Arcy," it began, "was a purring and polite young gentleman."

So far, Darel had no complaint to make. This class of novelist always insisted on its unpleasant characters purring, and, if it conveyed anything to the reader, the latter was welcome to the benefit of a superior intelligence.

His novels had an enormous circulation among the preponderating number of unhealthy people in the big cities, and his pockets were well-lined with the gold that a debased society is ever willing to pay for crapulous literature. His well-fed person, and not unpleasant exterior, suggested the successful stock-broker, and his manners would have done credit to a peer's butler. That he led the life of a voluptuary one would have confidently guessed from the intimate detail of his novels, but it was not readily apparent in his features. Yet this man was daily ladling out decadent trash, which, under the guise of studies of the problem of the sexes, was corrupting the minds of everyone not sufficiently strong-minded to toss it into the fire at the first suggestion of sensualism. He wrote a weekly article for the "Falcon," which was eagerly read by thousands of idle clubmen, and his flat, not a hundred miles from Buckingham Palace, was a centre for the gathering together of all the godless and irreligious in Bohemia.

Now, Darel's flat was at Buckingham Gate. He wrote of life as he knew it, and, consequently, his novels contained a little more than bread and butter and church-going. He was also perfectly well aware that a number of anxious vegetarians regarded his work as sensual. There are quite a number of people in the world who regard wedlock as a risky subject. Finally, he wrote a weekly causerie for the "Hawk," a brilliant magazine conducted exclusively for the benefit of people who go abroad in August, and for that reason eagerly bought and severely criticised by the suburban fathers of large Christian families. Beyond a shadow of doubt in this vile portrait labelled Sinclair D'Arcy, Smallwood had meant to paint St. John Darel.

Darel, to say the least of it, was profoundly annoyed. There was some consolation in the reflection that David Brake was in the same box. True, Brake had come in for as much eulogy as Darel had received vituperation, but the latter fancied that most people would rather be one of Smallwood's villains than one of his saints. He wondered what Brake would do. He was not the sort of man to sit down quietly under an impertinence of this description. Brake lived in the same block of flats. He would ring him up on the telephone and draw him on the subject.

"Hello," said Brake, in answer to the ring.

"Hello, Davy. I'm Darel. Are you busy?"

"Very."

"Saying your prayers?"

"Look here, St. John, you're the fourth idiot who has asked me that over the 'phone to-night. It's like your abominable cheek."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Punch his head, I suppose, some night. What are you going to do?"

"Punch his head, too, if I can't think of something more subtle."

"Look here. I'll come up to your room in half an

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hour. I must finish this article. It's all about the iniquity of gambling—for the 'Daily Argus,' y'know. They're real sensible people, and always commission the sinners to write about sin. So long."

In half an hour Brake was sitting by his friend's fireplace with a tall glass of whisky on the table at his side. The ingenuous Mr. Smallwood had, by the way, depicted him as a strict teetotaler.

"Everyone will expect you to treat him in your next novel exactly as he has treated you," said Brake.

"I thought of that. Everyone will expect it, including the little bounder himself. That is why I'm puzzling out some other means. Besides, you couldn't do much with him in a novel. He simply hasn't got a personality."

"Punch his head, then, and hammer him hard for me. I don't feel inclined to worry much about it."

"You're not nearly as disgusted as you ought to be. Do you realise that he makes you preach a sermon to a bridge-party and hold a prayer-meeting in the grand stand at Newmarket? Why, people will be afraid to ask you to dinner, Davy."

"He makes me look a precious fool, certainly," said Brake, stroking his grey beard.

"Precisely. Now we must make a fool of him."

The flat bell rang. Darel's man shortly entered the room.

"Mr. Algernon Smallwood to see you, sir."

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes. Show him into the dining-room, Davis."

"He's come to apologise," said Brake.

"Then he'll have to do it in print."

"You'll see him, of course."

"Certainly. It's lucky you are here. We must both keep our tempers. Finish your whisky and come along."

Smallwood was a tall, well-built man, but his looks belied his physique. There was a sad, hunted expression in his eyes, and his white cheeks were sunken. He rose from a chair when Brake and Darel entered, but he did not offer to shake hands. Nor were any formal greetings exchanged.

"I understand that you have something to say to me, Mr. Smallwood," said Darel. "Have you any objection to Mr. Brake's presence?"

"No, no, certainly not," replied the author. "I am rather glad that he is here. I have called, as you may perhaps guess, in reference to my last novel."

"Quite so," said Darel. Brake nodded.

"I—er—you—er. Have you read it?"

"Yes," said both men curtly.

"And you are annoyed. It is only natural."

"Annoyed!" exclaimed Darel. "Why, of all the impertinent——"

"Gently, gently, St. John," implored Brake.

"I expected to find you indignant, even furious. When the reviews were published, I thought of fleeing to the Continent, but afterwards I decided to throw myself on your mercy."

"Mercy, sir! You call me a 'vicious voluptuary.' Every newspaper office has entered the phrase in my obituary by now."

"You make me distribute tracts in Tattersall's ring," sourly affirmed Brake.

"I know, I know. It hurts me to the soul to think of it."

"Then why did you do it?"

Mr. Smallwood sat for a moment gazing at them like a hunted animal. There was positively a glisten of tears in his eyes.

"I never wrote it," he said at last.

"You never wrote it!" exclaimed the two men together.

"No! Now do you see why I am forced to throw myself on your mercy?"

"But who the devil did?" Darel asked, excitedly.

"Gentlemen, I believe I am right in saying that neither of you is married. You no doubt have very good reasons. But have you ever heard of a case of a man who regretted his marriage because his wife loved him too much? Have you ever in your wildest dreams conceived to what lengths of persecution a wife can go with a husband whom she adores above all things, concrete and abstract? I, gentlemen, am the victim of a woman's devotion."

"Do you mean that she wrote it?" queried Brake.

"My wife worships me. You may smile. For me it means perpetual suffering. I was a rich man when I married her. She could bring me nothing but herself. But so profound was her affection that she was not satisfied with giving me herself. She determined to win for me a place in the esteem of my fellow-countrymen that mere wealth could never buy. She was clever, a woman of considerable literary talent when I married her, but I did not know it. Her individuality never suggested anything of the sort."

The thoughts of both men rested on the personality of Mrs. Smallwood. She was fair, pretty, *petite*, and plump. She looked as if she could talk scandal—nothing more.

"For my greater glory, she began to write a novel. I encouraged her at first. It distracted her attention from me, and I thought that if her book was successful she would begin to think more of herself, and the balance in our relations would be more fairly adjusted. My horror, when I discovered that it was my name that was to appear on the title-page, can be imagined. I had to conceal it, for somehow I shrank from hurting her feelings, and tried to dissuade her from her awful purpose by tactful argument. I foolishly said that nothing would make me happier than to find her famous. I would be proud to recline in her shadow. But all this only added to the ardour of her adoration. It was so like me, she said, to wish to live for her and not for myself. But she would not accept my 'sacrifice.' If glory could be won, the halo should be mine. In a foolish moment I consented, fervently hoping, and, indeed, expecting, that the book would be a dismal failure. It wasn't. It was a huge popular success. I became the man of the moment. I was interviewed constantly—oh, the grim, ghastly horror of it all!—and photographed at all sorts of times and on all sorts of occasions. My wife was nearly wild with delight, and I had to pretend I liked it. In a couple of months she had another book out, and it made even a bigger hit than the first. I was elected to all sorts of literary clubs, and was literally forced by my wife to accept invitations to lecture, open bazaars, and make a fool of myself generally. You know the kind of stuff Mrs. Smallwood writes."

Brake and Darel nodded expressively.

"That was what made me so miserable. I had to

(*Continued on page 32*)

"Sole Spectator of the Scene"

Photo *Plate*

A LONELY SUNSET OFF THE COAST OF CEYLON

The biting weather of the past few days makes one, in the contrariness of human nature, long for days of warmth and sunshine, such as are now being enjoyed by visitors to "Ceylon's sunny isle," where so many now make a temporary halt on their homeward or outward journey between this country and the East

(*Continued from page 30*)

pose as a militant Christian, while at heart I was little more than a respectable pagan. Bishops invited me to dinner, and quoted the wretched books in their sermons. I lived the tragical, gloomy life of a whited sepulchre. My old chums would pull up short in the middle of a risky story if I entered the smoking-room, and all the invitations I used to like to accept dropped off. I lived in an atmosphere of curates, sincerity, revivals, and brotherly love. I was supposed to have struck a 'new note.' Your reviewer said as much in your damned paper, Brake. What a 'new note' is I haven't the vaguest idea, but I had to live up to it. I was told that I was one of the men 'who count,' one of 'the thinkers,' an Englishman 'whom his country cannot do without.' You may grin, but imagine that being said of one of you. You, who aspire to literary fame, would have gnashed your teeth over that sort of trash—and in a ladies' journal! Every man I cared twopence for, if he didn't drop my acquaintance, talked to me on stilts. Even my valet, one of the most capable rascals in service, used to ask leave to go to church on Sundays."

Mr. Smallwood paused to wipe his eyes and forehead.

"That has been going on for five years. Up till recently I alone was the sufferer. I never anticipated anything of this sort. We go about a good deal, as you know, much to my misery, and Mrs. Smallwood got to know you and Darel slightly. I daresay you both squirmed when you read that last abomination, but you could not have suffered as much as I. When I fully realised what she had done, had thoroughly grasped the impertinence of those awful caricatures, I thought of flight. I feared to face you, for I fully expected to be publicly thrashed."

Mr. Smallwood's auditors were visibly moved by the grim tragedy of the revelation. An awkward silence prevailed.

"You are evidently a very greatly wronged man, Mr. Smallwood," said Brake at length. "You have told us a very extraordinary tale, one that we cannot but believe in the light of your detailed picture of your suffering."

"From the bottom of my heart, Smallwood, you have my sympathy," added Darel. Mr. Smallwood was too deeply moved to reply.

"If you wish it," said Brake, "your secret will, I am sure, be safe with both of us."

"Thank you very much, gentlemen. You are most generous. I need not suggest to your minds what further misery would be brought upon me by an exposure of the truth. I shall be most grateful if you will spare me that."

Both men solemnly shooks hands with Mr. Smallwood. He made his way to the door. Here he paused, and the shadow of a smile crossed his worn face as he faced them again.

"I am now going," he said, "to address a meeting of the 'League for the Lightening of Lonely Lives.'"

Brake and Darel exchanged looks.

"Don't, old man; cut it for once. We'll mix a bowl of punch and have a good time."

"Gentlemen—God bless you! But it is impossible. Jekyll is dead. There is no such thing as merriment for Hyde. I mean it. Good-bye."

Nevertheless, Mr. Algernon Smallwood smashed three glasses in a music-hall lounge that night, and sang two long Christmas carols outside his own house before the butler brought him in. It was the beginning of a third life, in the course of which Mrs. Smallwood wrote no more books.

LEWIS MOLYNEUX.

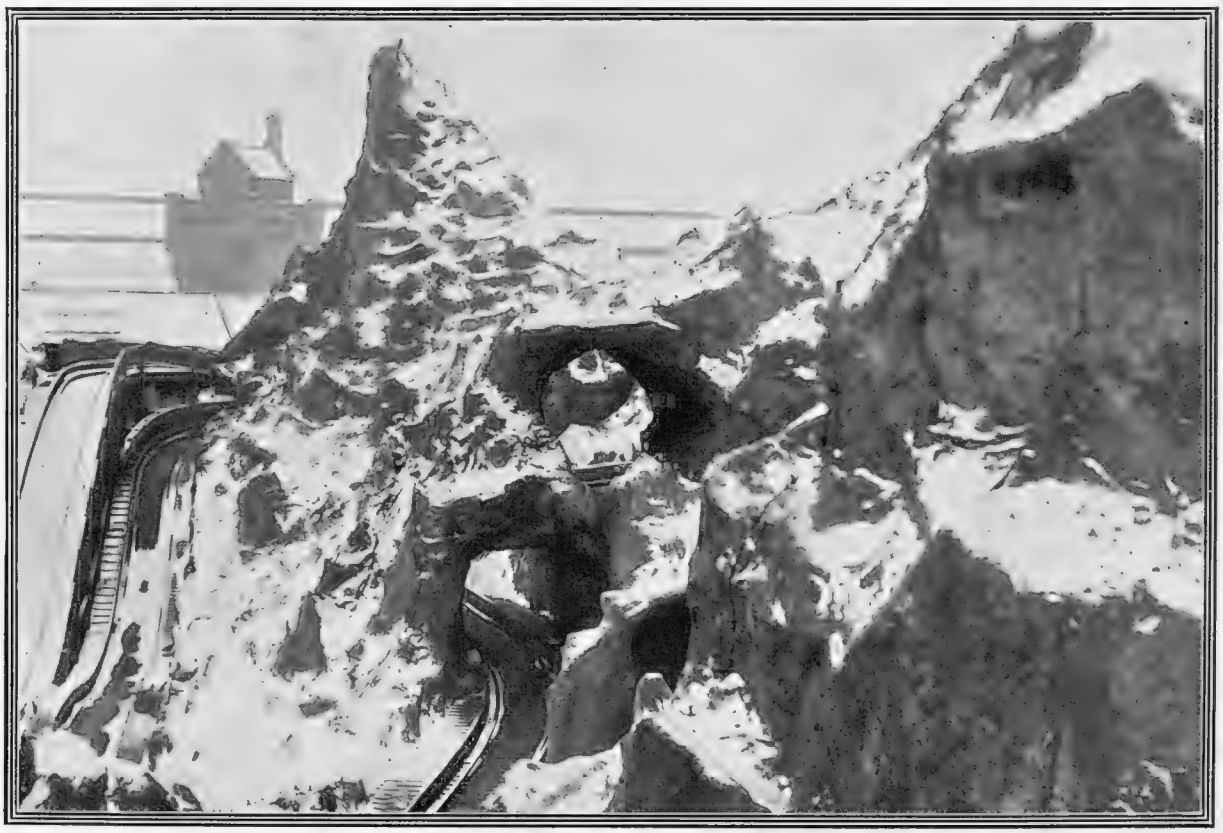
Photo] **A Cingalese Woman Making Lace** [*L. N. A.*

Lace-making ranks high among the native industries of Ceylon. It has all the intricate characteristics of Oriental work, combined with a delicacy associated with Cingalese handicrafts, examples of which, it will be remembered, were recently to be seen in the native village at the Franco-British Exhibition

Winter Whitens the White City

UNEXPECTEDLY PICTURESQUE EFFECTS AT DESERTED SHEPHERD'S BUSH

The Deserted Irish Village Dons a Mantle of Snow



Photos] **The West London Alps—alias the Scenic Railway** *[Halftones, Ltd.*

The White City at Shepherd's Bush, now a depressing spot in its partial demolition and desertion, received a new coat of white last week which more than revived its radiant whiteness of the summer months, sullied, alas! so much before its close. The deserted Irish village resumed something of its former picturesqueness, though lacking the touch of colour provided by the colleens; but the finest effects were on the Scenic Railway, which became a miniature Switzerland Might not the proprietors do something to retain this snow so as to create a cooling effect in the dog days when the Exhibition is again open?

TWO SURREY PACKS

Foxhunters in Idleness

Snow and frost reign supreme at the moment of writing these lines, and foxhunting is suspended throughout the land. Followers of hounds had little to grumble about in the way of weather prior to Christmas, a few days of fog being the only interruption of sport. Possibly the cold snap may have vanished by the time these pages reach the reader, but last week we looked to be in for a fairly long and stiff spell of unfavourable weather. Snow is no friend to the foxhunter, especially when it comes in such heavy doses as the last days of December. On the land, however, it unquestionably acts with a sweetening influence, and it often happens that after a heavy snowfall scent will lie much better than previously. Let us hope that such will be the case this month.

Hunting in the Snow

When the snow is on the ground scent seems to be much about the same as when the conditions are normal, so that foxhunting in the snow is by no means an impossibility. Quite another matter, however, is riding to hounds. Here the difficulties of jumping are insuperable. Nevertheless, when there are plenty of gates and gaps the thing can be done, and many North-Country sportsmen can tell of good hunting in the snow. The late Colonel Anstruther Thomson, perhaps the greatest foxhunter of his time, had plenty of experiences of this sort. Next to a thorough knowledge of the country, gaps, gates, and ditches, he considered that the chief requisite for snow hunting would be a quiet horse that could jump from a stand; he would have to be rough-shod, and his feet stopped with gutta-percha. Colonel Thomson advised a rider to leave his horse's head loose when riding over ice, and not to go too slow. Further, he recommended any M.F.H. who wanted to try the experiment to use a small-sized pack, including no hounds that had a disposition to hang on the line. However, I do not suppose that many foxhunters will care to face the difficulties of riding to hounds over ground several inches deep with the wintry covering. Rather will they take the opportunity of having a run with any pack of foot harriers or beagles convenient in their district. Leicestershire hunting men, for example, will have a day or two with Mr. J. O. Paget's smart little pack of beagles at Thorpe Satchville, while in Warwickshire Lord North's Basset hounds will give the keenest people a chance of seeing good sport in spite of the snow.

Boxing Day Sport

Fortunately for the huge crowds that love to turn out at the meets of hounds on Boxing Day, the weather was brisk and favourable. A great deal of discomfort and loss of sport was caused in some countries by yelling hordes of pedestrians, who were continually robbing foxes of their points, but this sort of thing has to be cheerfully endured at Yule-time. And in the majority of cases the riders obtained some compensation for the troubles of the morning by getting away with hounds in a good hunting run during the afternoon. We reproduce a photograph of one of the largest-attended Boxing Day meets in the Home Counties, namely, with the Surrey Union Foxhounds at Burford Bridge. In this picturesque locality the scene was a very animated one on a fine hunting morning, and those who met the hounds under exhilarating conditions vowed that it was good to be alive.

The Surrey Union and the Ripley Harriers

The Surrey Union Hounds have an ancient history, and have rarely been in better form than under the present Mastership. Mr. F. Gordon Colman, who has been in command since 1904, is a very enthusiastic young sportsman, and works hard to show sport. Like all other packs within a certain radius of the Metropolis, the Surrey Union has suffered during the past twenty or thirty years by the building of villas and the laying out of market gardens in all directions. But it still contains much excellent riding country, and the foxes often show long runs over plough and pasture. The Ripley and Knaphill Harriers are another Surrey pack commanding a large following. They date their history back even further than the Surrey Union Hounds can do. To be exact, 1738 was the year of their establishment by a sporting parson of the Onslow family. A century later Lord Onslow filled in the Mastership during two different terms, and such well-known sportsmen as Sir Francis Scott, the late Mr. C. P. Shrubb (afterwards Master of the Tedworth Foxhounds), and Mr. Seymour Dubourg (the present Master of the South Berks Hounds) have hunted the pack. The Ripley and Knaphill Harriers are now in the hands of Mr. J. Hutchinson Driver, who keeps a smart pack in the kennels at Worplesdon.

Some Presentations

Christmas week in the hunting field was marked by one or two interesting presentations. Mr. Evan Hanbury received a portrait of himself from the followers of the Cottesmore Hounds, this gift marking a highly successful term in the Mastership of that famous Hunt. Mr. Hanbury was fortunate enough to enjoy the services of Arthur Thatcher as huntsman during his seven years in the Cottesmore leadership, and it is quite certain that sport in this popular country has never been better than during his association with it. In the Cattistock district a presentation was made to Miss Milne, the eldest daughter of the joint Master, the Rev. E. A. Milne, this taking the form of a handsome diamond necklace and tiara. The presentation, made at Minterne by Lord Digby on behalf of the members of the Cattistock Hunt, was in anticipation of Miss Milne's approaching marriage with Mr. Edward Pearks Gundry, who is well known in the hunting and racing worlds. A. W. C.

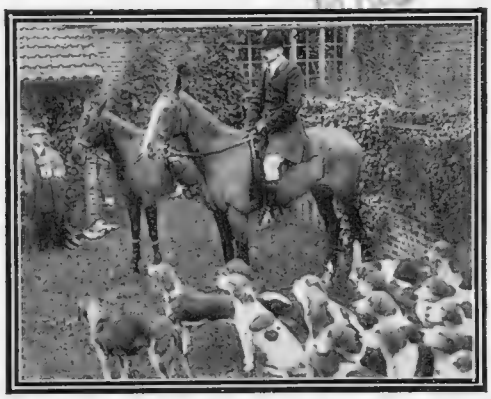
A Record Meet

THE SURREY UNION HOUNDS AT BURFORD BRIDGE ON BOXING DAY

Drawing Box Hill: The Favourite Retreat of London Trippers in the possession of a different kind of invader

On their Way to the Meet

The accessibility of Box Hill to Town led to a record number of followers being present



Mr. F. Gordon Colman, the Master

Mr. Colman has held the Mastership since 1904, and has worked hard to show sport

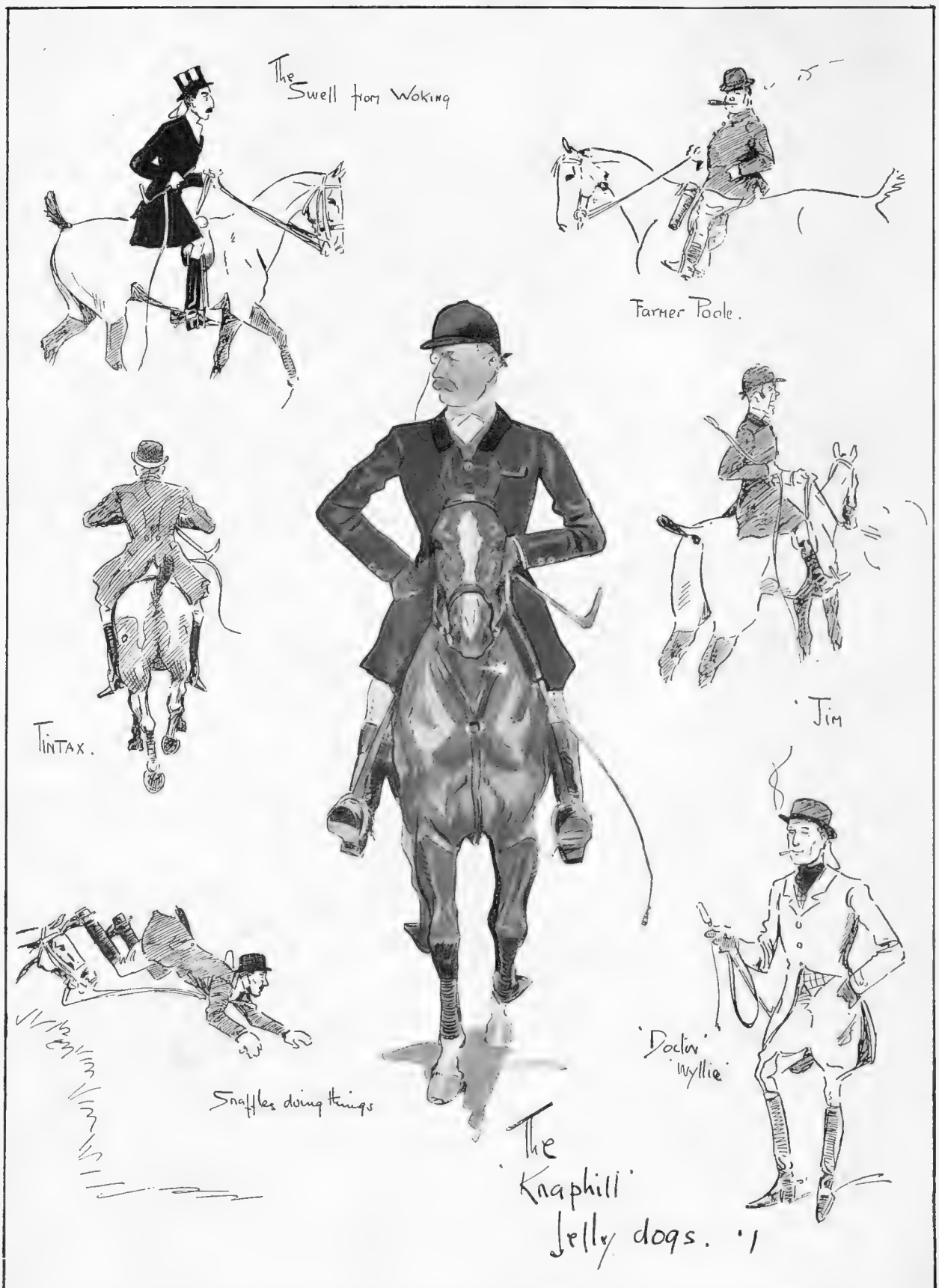
A Fine Horsewoman in the Making

Miss Faber, a fearless little rider, who was with the hounds all day

Photos] **The Crowd of Sightseers Outside the Picturesque Burford Bridge Hotel at the Foot of Box Hill** [*Dixon*

The rapid recent growth of Greater London, which has somewhat interfered with the sport of the Surrey Union Hounds, was also responsible for the record meet which took place at Burford Bridge on Boxing Day, for the Box Hill district is not only easily accessible for those who cannot often get a day with the hounds, but also for those thousands of Londoners who know little except by report of the sights and sounds of the chase. Unfortunately, the presence of so many interested spectators somewhat interfered with the morning's sport, but followers were rewarded by a fine run in the afternoon

With the Knaphill Jelly Dogs



The members of the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers, who are known to their intimates by the not altogether picturesque sobriquet "The Knaphill Jelly Dogs," hunt in Surrey and Middlesex. A subscription pack, it has been in existence since 1738, when it was established by the Rev. Mr. Onslow, in whose family it remained for nearly a century. The present Master is Mr. J. Hutchinson Driver

BY SNAFFLES

The LIBRARY.

By VIVIAN CARTER

LOVE LOOKED AT HISTORICALLY!

Recording the Impossible

A delightfully unpractical literary habit of the day is the writing of histories of things which cannot possibly have them. The other day I was talking about a history of "Woman," and at the same time suggested the hopelessness of the author's attempt. To-day I have before me a history of—Love. Of course, strictly speaking, these should have been done in one and the same book, to the saving of much good ink and paper and eyesight, for the history of the one is the history of the other. But even had this been done, the fact remains that there can be no such thing as a real history either of Woman or of Love. We can set down in chronological order the lives—so far as we know them—of certain women who have managed, by the usual methods, to make themselves notorious, and, also, the lines—so far as we know them—of their love affairs. But that is not to write a history of Woman or of Love. There can be no such thing, for the simple reason that countless early generations left us no records on which to base our observations.

* * *

"Love Throughout the Ages"

There are, in Scripture, in legend, and in mythology, a series of pleasant episodes connected with Love, but the history of these is not the history of Love. The stories only survive because the characters are of importance to history. Their love affairs are, probably, very uninteresting matters compared with those of thousands of lesser persons of the same period, just as are the love affairs of the prominent people of our own day, romantically, quite inferior to those of their humblest contemporaries. A history of love may be written a hundred years hence—if its compilers begin to-day. By minute study of the literature of our period, of the Divorce reports, and of representative selections from diaries and love letters, there may be accumulated, in a spacious annexe of the South Kensington Museum, enough material for a treatise on "Some Aspects of Love in the Twentieth Century, with General Observations Based on Contemporaneous Documents." But *Love Throughout the Ages*, dismissed in 233 pages (by Edgar Saltus; Sisley: 6*s*.), is absurd . . . . impossible . . . presumptuous.

* * *

Anything But—Love

Mr. Saltus (who writes quite brilliantly and interestingly) has just sat down and looked down the ages. Having surmised (more from imagination than from scientific study) the probabilities regarding the *amours* of the ancients, he has hit on Solomon, Jacob, Rachel, Ruth, etc. It is perfectly true that these individuals have left us some record of the tendencies of their tendernesses, but the very definiteness of their

Photo] **A Photographic Bulletin of our Greatest Novelist's Good Health: Mr. George Meredith at the Surrey Union Meet at Box Hill** [*Topical Agency*

Certain disquieting rumours which have been circulated regarding Mr. George Meredith's health are easily dispelled by the above photographic evidence, that despite his eighty years, our greatest novelist is able to face even the biting wind of last Boxing Day, when he was a much noticed figure at the meet of the Surrey Union Hounds (fully illustrated on page 35) near his chalet under Box Hill

outlook and expression stamps their love affairs as unreal—for the greatest love is that which is inexpressible. When a person publishes the state of his heart, he (or she) is either a poseur or a poet, and both, alike, should be shunned by the would-be historian as false examples. The same must be said of Mr. Saltus's excursions into mythology and legend. Information as to the sway of Aphrodite in ancient Greece is important as sociology, or as literature, but not as love. The love of one person for another was no more resultant on the suasion of Aphrodite than the teetotalism of to-day is the consequence of Mrs. Carrie Nation. Mr. Saltus devotes a chapter (quite charming) to Sappho. But what has that neuro-poetic adventuress to do with Love—the reverential regard between the sexes? Her quest of Phaon was but an episode in a perverse career, which inspired much admirable verse, but it is not, in any sense, an episode in a history of love. Similarly abnormal are the affairs of Dante and Beatrice, of Abelard and Heloise, of Tristram and Iseult. These are noble romances, but not history. Mr. Saltus has made a mistake somewhere. As a history of Love in Legend, his book might be praised as a most commendable and readable one. As a pretension to be a history of Love, it is completely unsatisfactory. Had he seriously intended to give us such a history, he should have closed his mind altogether to literature. He should, rather, have studied the sciences of physiology, psychology, and ethnology, and drawn from them the necessary deductions as to the action of love among the various ancient races. We should have been instructed not about the mythical love affairs of Israelitish, Greek, and Egyptian heroes and heroines, but as to the probable course of the courtships of actual average people, so far as the author had been able, by scientific speculation, to surmise it. The literature of an age is the best reflex of its intellectual power and consciousness, but not of its life. I should, however, say, after all this, that *Love Through the Ages* is—its false hypothesis forgiven—a wonderfully thoughtful and informing volume. V. C.

* * *

A Domestic Novel

A "nice" story best describes Mr. Crockett's *Princess Penniless* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), which reads as if it were a *Family Herald* serial. There is a nice young doctor, whose eccentric father will not allow him to practise; a nice young girl, the daughter of a railway van-driver, who will not marry the doctor because he does not earn his living; and, lastly, a millionaire shipbuilder, who takes on the aforesaid nice young man as the dockyard doctor at £2 a week so that he can marry the nice young girl. Of course, there are excursions and alarums round and about these figures that keep up the interest, and the whole forms a pleasant domestic novel, without, however, in any way adding to Mr. Crockett's reputation.

* * *

Reference Books for 1909

How did we get on before the arrival of "Who's Who?" The 1909 edition (Black: 10*s.* net) contains 2,100 pages of bijou biographies of Everybody and a good many nobodies. In fact, it will soon be a distinction *not* to have a little biographic notice within its covers. A welcome feature of recent issues has been the inclusion of many foreign notabilities.

An adjunct to "Who's Who?" which hardly requires recommendation, is the "Who's Who Year Book" (1*s.* net); while for the literary and artistic aspirant "The Writer's Year Book" will also be found invaluable, as it contains all the information one could possibly require with regard to placing a MS. or drawing.

Those heavenly twins among reference books, "Whitaker's Almanack" and "Hazell's Annual," are as hale and hearty as ever. Comparisons are invidious, as well as odious, but it is safe to say that if you are provided with them *both* you cannot go wrong, for what you cannot find in one you will find in the other. "Hazell," by the way, seems particularly up to date with regard to recent Balkan happenings.

The youngest of our reference books, "The *Daily Mail* Year Book" (6*d.* net), is already in its ninth year, and its useful articles on almost every imaginable subject from "The Awakening of the East" and "How to Feed a Family on 12*s.* 9*d.* a Week" to "The Invasion Problem" and "The Turbine's Triumph," are all written by authorities who are to be relied on, and, incidentally, also, the articles make most interesting reading.

When Peerages are under discussion one's thoughts immediately turn to Debrett. This year's edition (Dean: 31*s.* 6*d.* net), in its splendidly emblazoned cover of gold and red, differs not from its predecessors, except that it is absolutely up to date. It is as infallible as a reference book, "revised by the nobility," should be. Its smaller and younger sister, "Whitaker's Peerage" (Whitaker: 5*s.*), has grown since last year, and now contains some 800 pages, though, except for the inclusion of a useful official glossary, it is substantially the same as in former years.

AN ART AGENT'S CHRISTMAS CARD

For the benefit of the uninitiated it should be explained that an art agent is the broker of the artistic world who acts as intermediary between artists and editors. He tempers the wind of the editor's criticisms to the shorn lamb, the sensitive artist, and besides handing over to the latter the little amounts he has collected, minus, of course, his small commission, he not infrequently also acts to his Bohemian clients in an avuncular capacity

Soon to Start for Sunny Seas

THE LATEST P. & O. LINER "MOREA" IN DRY DOCK AT TILBURY

Photo *Bull, Austin and Co.*

The latest addition to the Peninsular and Oriental fleet is the s.s. "Morea," which is to start on her first journey from Tilbury shortly. Destined for the Australian service, she is of 11,500 tonnage, 558ft. long, 61ft. beam, and 37ft. 3in. deep, while her engines develop 15,000 h.-p., and, on her trial trip, she easily accomplished nineteen knots. She has accommodation for 400 first-class and 200 second-class passengers, and is electrically installed throughout, even to an electric laundry! She is a sister-ship to the "Mantua" and the "Malwa," the latter of which is, this coming summer, going on a series of pleasure cruises, to Portugal and the Azores in May, Norway in July, and the Baltic in August

Concerning Christmas Boxes

Christmas boxes are becoming every bit as great a nuisance as ordinary tips, but at last a custom-ridden public has begun (very sensibly, I think) to rebel, and we read that not nearly so much as usual has been given away this year. Christmas is an expensive time for us all, a time when, perhaps, no single individual can give quite so freely as he or she would like, but must curtail either charity or friendly feeling in many directions. Why, then, should I bestow an alms upon my dustman when I cannot afford to make a small present to my cousin? Why should I pay the greengrocer's boy for delivering extra parcels when I have already paid the greengrocer, because I have bought extra goods? If a tradesman is doing so well that he must keep his employees overtime, surely it is he who should pay for his good fortune. Christmas boxes are an imposition which is tolerated because we think we are helping the poor, and we do not stop to consider that perhaps it is the employer only whose financial burdens we may be lightening, and that Christmas boxes, like other tips, have been known to be taken into account in the consideration of wages. Yet we are expected to be just as well as generous; and while errand boys of every calling rob us of ill-to-be-spared sixpences, no philanthropist thinks of paying our bills for us.

An Exception to the Rule

But in the matter of Christmas boxes, I would certainly except the postman, for we have undeniably put a heavy load of work upon him, and we can hardly expect an impassive employer like the Government to reward him—say, by a percentage upon the stamps bought at the approach of Yuletide. Besides, he contributes so directly to our pleasure in receiving and our convenience in sending. He, at least, so I have always found, is prompt, attentive, unfailingly good-tempered, and a perfect marvel for delivering the letters that might be, but so rarely are, lost, and the parcels which would have gone astray except for his genius in discovering whom they really belong to. He is a wonderful individual, the English postman. His profession abroad is but very imperfectly carried out, we are frequently reminded, and, allowing for a good deal of typical British prejudice, we can still say that in our country he is a person to be thankful for.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo *H. Cumings*

Weymouth's Latest Attraction: The New Pier Pavilion Just Opened by the Earl of Shaftesbury

Royal Weymouth bids fair to regain completely all the full glories of its Georgian era, and the Municipality is exercising every effort, in co-operation with the excellent Great Western Railway service, to make the town the most attractive on the south coast. The latest addition is the erection of a magnificent pier pavilion, which was opened by the Earl of Shaftesbury on the 21st ult. This includes not only a fine theatre, for which Mr. Walter R. Wallis, of the Amusement Committee, has already booked a strong list of companies for the coming season, but also a spacious tea room, whence extensive views of the bay may be obtained

"Bobbing" at St. Moritz

Photo *Topical Agency*

GETTING READY TO START

That metropolis of winter sport, St. Moritz, is now at the height of its season, and skating, ski-ing, tobogganing, and bob-sleighing are all in full swing

F. Chesterton

The winner of the Men's Singles at the Middlesex Badminton Tournament at Ealing. There were several foreign entrants, including players from Dieppe and Bombay, who, however, fared badly

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Miss Lucas

Who again won the Ladies' Middlesex Singles Championship at Ealing, after a fine game with Miss Bateman

GOLF

By E. LEHMANN

Novelties in 1908

I take the first possible opportunity of wishing all my readers a New Year full of good golf, during which "their game," that elusive ideal, may be always produced not only in dreams, but on the course itself in actual play. This done, I must turn back for a moment to the dead year, and ask what it has done for us on the material side of the game, whether in clubs, balls, or course-construction. So far as clubs are concerned, there is no distinct departure from accepted form to chronicle. Players are beginning to recognise what had struck me from the first appearance of the new balls, that big-faced wooden clubs are the best. I have lately seen a curious patent club, which hails from America. In this there is a splice running from the neck almost half way up the shaft, with a slight whipping of twine at intervals of about six inches. I was told that this club got the ball away very well, but it struck me, on merely handling and swinging it, as being much too supple for our modern ideas. The intention of the inventor has apparently been to get as much spring in the shaft as possible, so as to enable the club to deal more effectually with the extra liveliness of the rubber-cored ball. I have also seen some peculiar clubs, made by one of the Dunns,

Photo *Poole and Black*

The Fight for the Davis Cup at Melbourne: The Scene of the Contest in the Final Round between Australasia and America

There has seldom been a more dramatic struggle for the Davis Cup than that which was fought out at Melbourne. The first day's play saw Norman Brookes victorious over F. B. Alexander, while Beals Wright made matters level by a fairly easy win over Wilding. The Doubles went to Australasia, but only after a tremendous battle, and the holders thus wanted only one of the two remaining Singles to retain the Cup. But Brookes went down before Wright, and everything depended on Wilding *v.* Alexander. Wilding usually develops a 'soft spot" in important events, but this time he rose to the occasion, and never gave the American a chance, winning three straight sets

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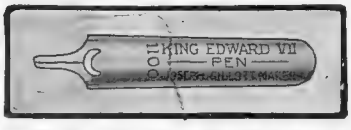

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with a head of some aluminium alloy, shaped like a small spade. With these clubs, which feel quite "likely" when handled in the shop, Dunn maintains he can drive as far as with the ordinary clubs, but with much less effort.

Some Novelties in Balls

When we come to balls, we must mutter the word "legion." Two of the latest additions to the numerous family are the "Pearl," made by Messrs. Martin, of Birmingham, and the "Capon Heaton," made by Capon Heaton and Co., also of Birmingham. The former of these is a sort of *édition de luxe* in golf balls, as its price is 3*s.* 6*d.*, and it is not, therefore, likely to appeal to more than a limited class of Rockefellers and others endowed with a superfluity of this world's goods. The "Capon Heaton" ball is an ordinary 2*s.* ball, but it is sent out under the auspices of Mr. Palmer, the well-known amateur, who contested the final of the Amateur Championship with Mr. Ball at St. Andrews in 1907. I have not yet tried this ball, but am told that Mr. Palmer has spent much time and ingenuity in the extended experiments which finally led up to this finished article. The ball has its "pimp'es" very distinct and well-developed, and looks extremely attractive. We are also threatened with the appearance of a smooth ball, the invention of the versatile Mr. Vaile, who is persuaded that any marking of balls is waste of time. All things are possible in golf. Still, I doubt whether a smooth ball will be produced that will fly truly, and if such a ball is produced I doubt whether it will be found completely satisfactory even on the putting-green.

Course Construction

In the matter of course-construction there is not much change to chronicle. We are still in the "dull" stage of course architecture, with all the hazards at the side. But I think I can note a tendency to revolt from the monotony of the straight avenue form of course, and it will be a blessed thing when hazards are allowed to return to the ordinary fair way from which they have been banished for some time.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The New Golf School at Chelsea: Mr. Philip Wynne Gives Instruction in the Snow

Within a stone's throw of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, a Golf School has been opened, where the beginner or the "foozler" may obtain instruction and practice under the eye of qualified teachers, undisturbed by the taunts and jeers of indignant players on a crowded course

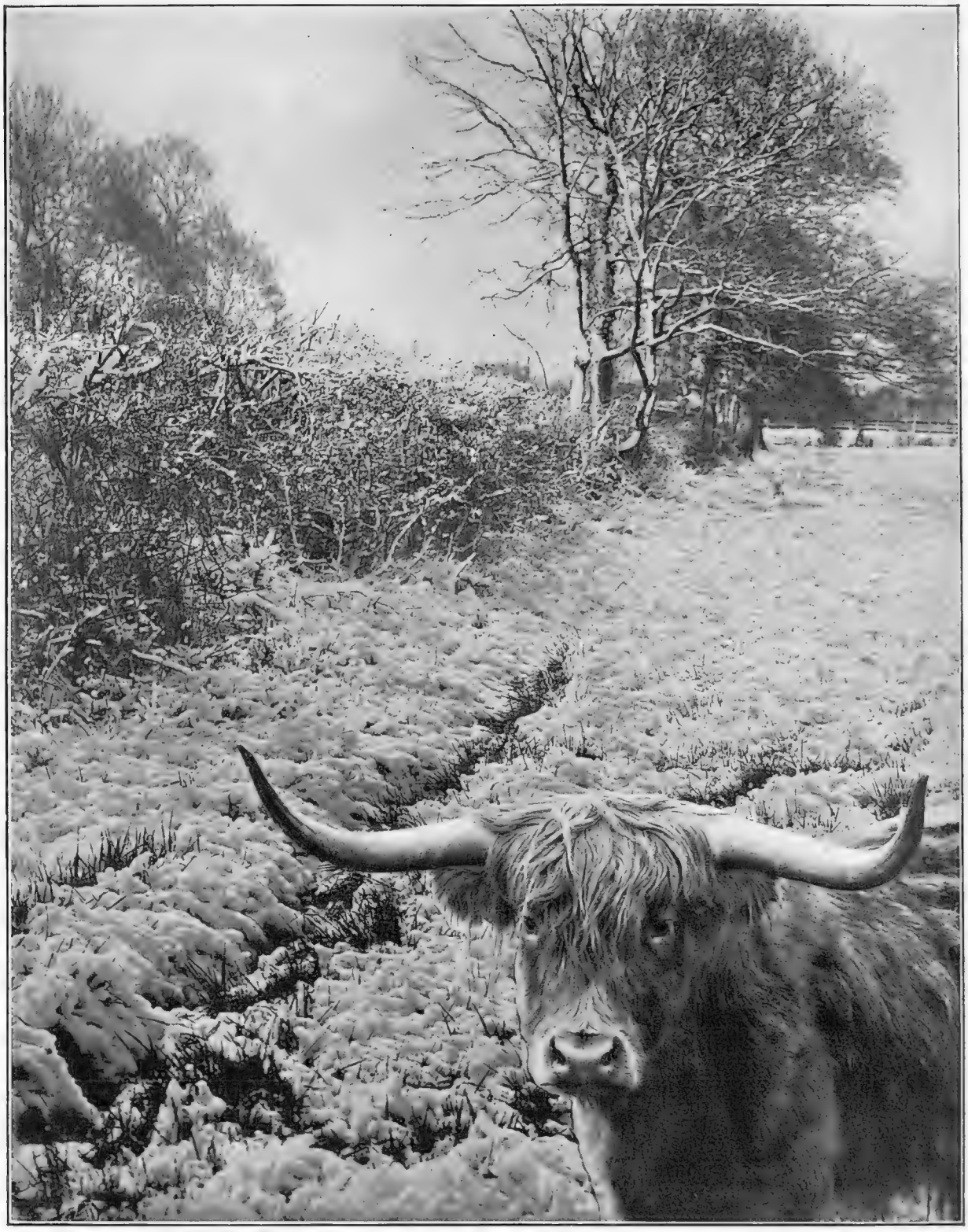
THE 1909 OUTLOOK

CRICKET, ROWING, TENNIS, and LAWN TENNIS

Last week the Englishman enjoyed (if he was young enough) the more unaccustomed of his pastimes, and took to tobogganing, and in rare cases, ski-ing, while where there was ice unspoilt by snow, to skating. The more old-fashioned sports of snow-balling and sliding are rather looked down upon, but a good snowball fight produces probably more real enjoyment than is experienced even by the figure-skater as he pursues his silent and solitary evolutions, dreaming of a "test."

Oh! why did I say "test"? Winter flies, and summer is again conjured up by that misused word. Cricket—Australians—stonewalling—indignant Surreyites—draws—final test match of six days, if necessary—all these things have to be looked forward to in the near future. The usual squabble between the authorities and the players in Australia as to the rate at which the latter shall be remunerated for their trip is still going on, and, to judge from past experience, will result in the players getting what they want, for if the Board of Control stick to their terms, the best men won't come, and if the best men won't come, the gate-money won't come either—this being the delightful result of turning a pastime into a profession.

But not only on the cricket-field shall we be measuring our strength with visitors in 1908. Henley Regatta will again be open to foreign crews, and the Belgians may be expected to come over and do their best to win again the honours they carried off in 1907 and were prevented from defending last year. Mr. Jay Gould will most likely be seen defending his Tennis Championship; and on the lawn tennis courts it is unlikely, though the Davis Cup still rests at the other end of the world, that we shall be without some famous competitors from abroad.



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RACING: Steeplechasing Notes. By CARBINE

Spring Handicap Entries

To the average racegoer the first Tuesday in January is not a date of special significance, but to owners and trainers it is of exceptional importance, being the closing day for entries for the great spring handicaps and many other races. When entries are made and weights published, it means an appreciable advance in the interregnum which divides one flat-racing season from another. Everyone's interest in the new racing year will be gradually quickened until it reaches the culminating point on the day of the Lincolnshire Handicap. This race always comes in for a great deal more public attention than its actual value or the class of horses it attracts would warrant, but the fact of its being the first big handicap of the season naturally produces this effect. It does not say much for the popularity of steeplechasing that the return of flat-racing should be so keenly awaited, but I honestly believe that the public enthusiasm for National Hunt racing is only a latent quality, and might easily be aroused if a little more life could be infused into winter racing.

Winter Racing

As compared with summer sport, steeplechasing suffers from several great disadvantages. First of all, the weather. We are sometimes accused of having become a nation of fair-weather sportsmen, eagerly looking for comforts which our grandfathers never expected, and might even have ridiculed had they been suggested. At Sandown, Kempton, Newbury, and other modern enclosure meetings, the racing man may see his racing in comparative luxury nowadays, but the fear of a raw winter's day, with the possible addition of fog and wet, keeps him away from the racecourse. The result of poor attendances is inevitable. Managements are unable to launch out into big prizes excepting on rare occasions, and there is not much encouragement for owners to take up steeplechasing. Thus the sport suffers all round. But as we have got to take our queer old climate as we find it, it is useless to suggest any reforms in this direction. But there is another thing militating greatly against the general success of steeplechasing which seems no less easily remedied. I refer—and it will seem something of a paradox—to the Grand National. How on earth, it will be asked, can this greatest of all cross-country events prove in any way detrimental to the sport of which it is undoubtedly the chief feature? The answer is that the very greatness of the race does the mischief. In a word, there is far too much bottling up of horses for this one race.

Saving Horses for the National

The first half of the season is simply ruined by this "bottling" process. Owners will not bring out their best jumpers, merely because they are frightened of "exposing" them and subjecting them to a heavy Grand National weight should they happen to display their best form. Nobody can deny that the racing of the past month, apart from any weather considerations, has been absolutely mediocre. I put it down largely to the fact that owners are "saving" their horses until the National weights are published. Surely this state of things is not in the best interests of winter racing, and will soon sicken the paying public. On Boxing Day, at Kempton Park, there was an exceptionally big crowd, yet I have never seen a worse day's racing at this enclosure. If it had not been for one or two close finishes, the programme would have been a ghastly failure. It was even more exasperating on Saturday at Manchester, where, following the rapid thaw, the crowd paid its money to see fourteen horses take part in five races.

Will Tod Sloan Get His Licence?

I hear that Tod Sloan, the noted American jockey, intends to apply to the Jockey Club for a licence to ride in England during the ensuing summer, and there is a general feeling in racing circles that he has been sufficiently punished for the contraventions of the Rules of Racing which incurred the displeasure of the powers about eight years ago. Possibly Sloan thought in those days that he was too big a wig to care whether the Jockey Club gave him his licence or not. He soon found that this was a grave mistake, as, though he resumed riding in France, that experiment was distinctly not a success, nor could he make a mark in his native America. There is an excellent understanding between the various Turf Clubs of the world, and it is quite certain that any jockey who meets with the displeasure of the English Jockey Club will not be exactly welcomed in another country. This, at least, is what Sloan discovered. Since his departure from England he must have observed the tremendous success of his compatriot, D. Maher, with mixed feelings. Had he chosen, Sloan might now have been in "Danny's" enviable position in England. No doubt he has returned to these shores in a chastened spirit, and if the Stewards decide to grant him a licence, it will be very interesting to see how he will fare against the new generation of riders which has sprung up since he rode in this country. Eight years is a long time in the life of a jockey, and Sloan might not find it so easy now to bring off those repeated triumphs which made him famous in the old days.

Selections

The most important meetings of the present week are Gatwick on Wednesday and Thursday, and Haydock Park on the two following days, though there will also be racing at Wye and Plumpton. In no case is the quality of the probable starters at all exhilarating, and I will content myself with predicting a success for **Sea Fowl** in the Manor Steeplechase at Gatwick, while at Haydock Park **Holyhead** may take the Wigan Steeplechase and **Moonstruck** the January Steeplechase.

An unusual opportunity of securing furniture, carpets, curtains, and other house furnishings of 1908 design, manufactured specially for the well-known firm of Waring's, and in the Waring taste, is afforded by their stocktaking sale, which is being held throughout January in order to make room for new season's goods. The prices are marked down to a strictly bargain level.

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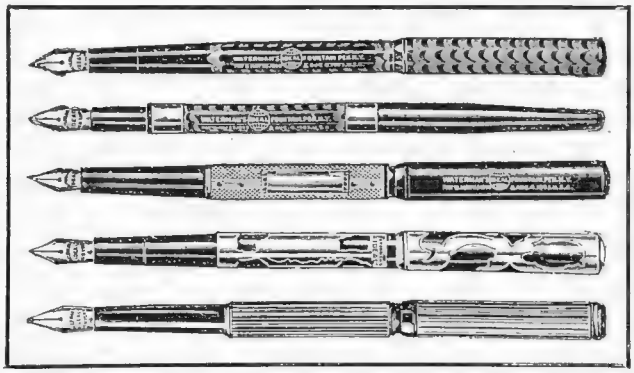

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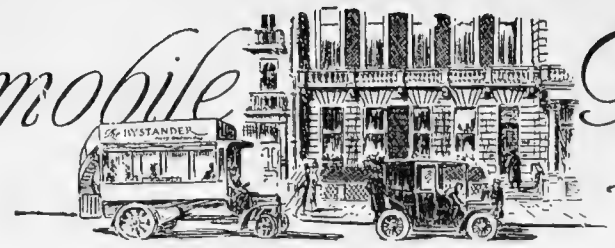
Automobile Topics



The Downfall of Racing

The year that has just been added to the scrap-heap has, like a pioneer or experimental car in similar case, taught us many useful lessons. Of these the principal may with advantage be enumerated. First and foremost there stands out the fact that motor speed racing has served its purpose, and has become entitled to a well-earned retirement. It is significant of the King's keen observation of the trend of affairs, and the comprehensive interest displayed by his Majesty at all times, that months ago, before our French neighbours had given a thought to the abandonment of the Grand Prix, Britain's and the world's premier motorist should have caused a hint to be conveyed to the Royal Automobile Club that the exploitation of purely racing machines and their performances were not regarded with favour in the highest quarters. Now, it is becoming recognised by all his Majesty's subjects that moderation and consideration to all wayfarers on the King's highways are the duty of every automobilist as well as of those who have not yet given their attention to the delights of motor-travel.

A Safety-Valve

For those who really enjoy a thoroughly good burst of high speed—and what motorist does not?—there is in this country a most excellent safety-valve afforded by the Brooklands track; and the arrangements just announced by the executive of the B.A.R.C., whereby the Weybridge course may be made use of by private owners and manufacturers alike, cannot be too highly recommended or too widely known. In Major Lindsay Lloyd, the new Clerk of the Course, the Brooklands' people have secured the services of a gentleman who has seen plenty of speed racing in his time, and one, moreover, whose assistance in organising contests of all kinds has proved invaluable in the councils of the R.A.C. With the promotion of inter-'Varsity, inter-professional, and inter-Service handicap competitions, the great Motordrome should have before it a prosperous, useful, and highly interesting season in 1909.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Air Conquerors on Show: The First Aeroplane and Airship Exhibition at the Automobile Salon, Paris

Those who remember the first automobile exhibition a few years ago, when motoring was in its infancy, will view with interest the first aeroplane exhibition, which was opened on December 24 at the Automobile Salon, Paris. Will the popularity and effectiveness of the aeroplane and airship grow with the swiftness of the science of motoring, and will an aero exhibition assume the gigantic proportions of the sister show? This is a question which only time can answer, but the success of recent flights and experiments makes it more than a mere possibility

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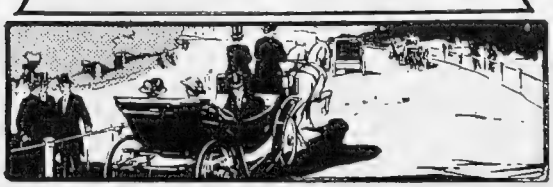

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Road Improvement

Another of the lessons which motorists have been taught during the past twelve months is the necessity for strong and united action in the direction of road improvement. In this connection, the good work which is being done by the Motor Union in keeping local authorities up to the mark and insisting upon due observance of the law of maintenance is deserving of all support. The Roads Improvement Association, also, is working in line, and there are reasonable hopes that in the not too distant future we may witness the establishment of a Central Board of Highway Control, which shall have power to earmark all fines and taxes paid by motorists in the pursuit of their favourite occupation for the purpose of road upkeep and repair.

* * *

The Parting of the Ways

With the advent of the present year of grace the last link connecting the Royal Automobile Club and the Motor Union was severed. For good or for ill, these powerful and useful organisations will henceforward go their ways in absolute independence, but I hope with sentiments of mutual regard and goodwill. Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the indefatigable Secretary of the M.U., writes very pertinently on the situation. "It is impossible," he says, "to dissolve a partnership which has extended over several years without some feelings of regret." That partnership has seen the most critical and strenuous periods of the motor movement, and now the cause of automobilism is so firmly established that it has outgrown its original organisations. The activities of motorists can no longer manifest themselves through a single club, or union, or association, or even a partnership. There is work for several, and room for all. The Motor Union wishes its late partner a future no whit less successful than its past as the social and sporting head of automobilism in this country, and, for its own part, the promise is made that the special departments of endeavour with which the M.U. has been particularly associated, the legal, touring, legislative, and protection propagandas, will be maintained. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

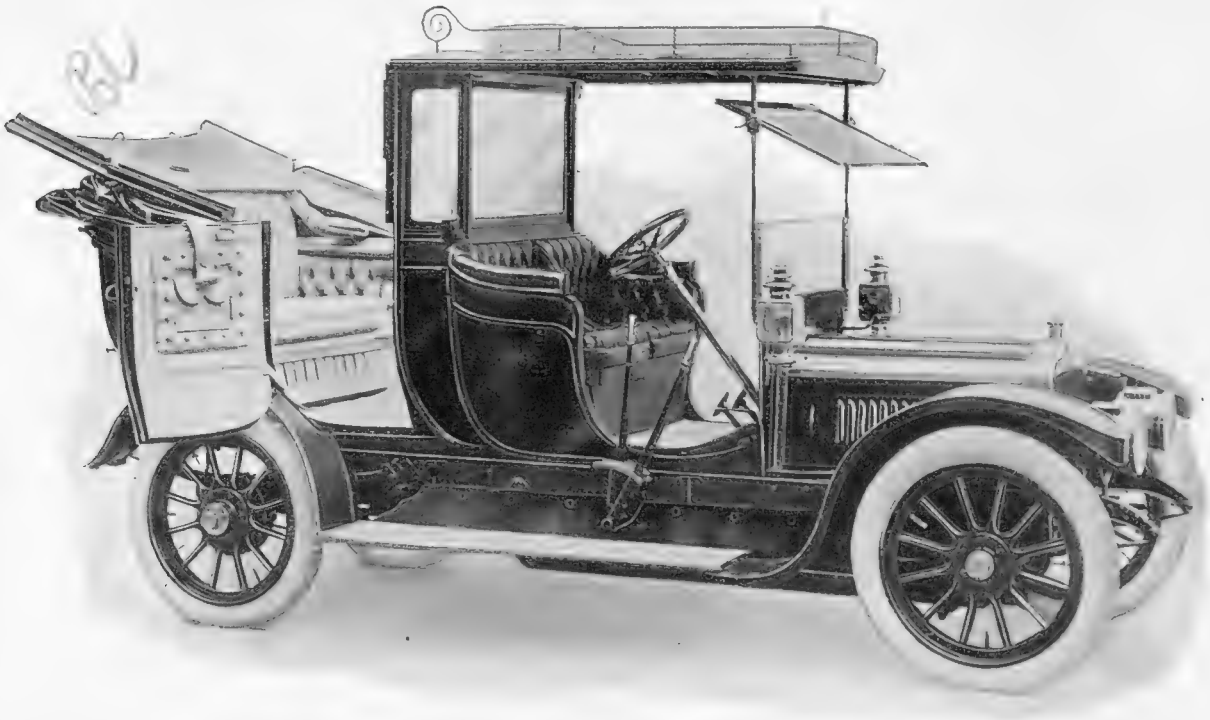
On Thursday, January 14, the first annual dinner of the R.A.C. and Associated Clubs will be held in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Cecil, tickets being priced at *7s. 6d.* each. Early application for seats should be made to the secretary at 119, Piccadilly.

Taking a commendable and independent line, the management of the P.G.R. Motor Spirit declines to adopt the bonus on seals system, and has put on the market three special brands of this excellent Russian spirit defined by specific gravity only. The three grades are light, ·700/10; ordinary, ·720/25; and heavy, ·750/60 sp. gr. A list of garages in all parts of the country where P.G.R. Spirit is stored may be had from the Manager at 101, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

A very ornamental and useful New Year Card has been got out by the London and Parisian Motor Co., of 87, Davies Street, London, W., and all motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER should apply for it at once.

The Adams Manufacturing Co., of 106, New Bond Street, are making a speciality of their new 16 h.-p. four-cylinder 'Varsity type car, which, while retaining the famous "pedals to push" principle has many excellent innovations to recommend it. No car is so easy to drive, and for ladies and beginners, as well as for the more advanced among motorists, its popularity is deservedly very great. An illustration of this new Adams model will appear next week.

Edinburgh's Motor Exhibition begins on January 22, and will remain open for a week. Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., on Stand 27, will show the famous Metallurgique models, now very popular in the Land o' Cakes.



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The GLOUCESTER in Tapestry or Cretonne SPECIMEN VALUE **£2**

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FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Life is very serious this week—serious with sales. I warned you last week of their booming being heard, and now they are on us in full charge, heedless of our impoverished purses. At the risk of mixing my metaphors, I may say there are innumerable rocks and shoals ahead that will need to be carefully steered clear of. But I can tell you where to go for some of the best and biggest bargains in fur-lined coats ever offered. These are to be found at

John Barker's, Kensington

There is, for example, the "Regent," a full-length coat in all the newest tweeds and friezes, lined with selected squirrel fox, with a glorious collar of opossum, only three and a half guineas, while the "Richmond," built of a superior Scotch tweed, and lined with grey and white squirrel, with revers collar of opossum, is offered at four and a half guineas, or, with Nutria substituted for the opossum, the price drops one guinea.

In smaller fur fitments, John Barker has marked the entire stock, which includes some rich sables, martens, and silver-pointed fox, down to prices that cannot fail to ensure a speedy clearance. I have personally examined this selection of furs, and I tell you it is not only extraordinarily cheap, but exceedingly choice.

A Delightful Silver-Pointed Fox Set

The stole, of handsome proportions, is priced at 5 and 7 guineas, according to quality, and the muff at 59*s.* 6*d.*

(Sketched at Peter Robinson's by Dorothy Millar)

Another notable feature at the sale is supplied in a range of evening gowns, all fresh goods and simply irresistible in every way. It should be added, furthermore, that all these models have been made in the firm's own hygienic workrooms. Fascinating in its infinite simplicity is a confection of Rajah satin, absolutely the mode of the moment, and only—can you believe it?—29*s.* 11*d.* From this price the scale gradually rises to five guineas, a sum procuring the "Eileen," a handsome, important toilette of wool-back satin in such adorable shades as pale rose, *ciel* blue, and a rich tone of ivory, lined with satin *merveilleuse*, the corsage being adorned with a little soft, really good lace.

In John Barker's far-famed "ready-to-wear" skirts there are several noteworthy bargains, and, as those in the know will readily surmise, the blouses offered are incomparable alike in price and persuasive elegance. In many instances the models are absolutely fresh, a feat only possible when the goods are fashioned on the premises, as is the case here, the surplus stock of materials being thus used up, and the workers, at the same time, kept in full employ.

It is, indeed, such items as these that have completely changed the character of the sales of late years. The bargains are as genuine as ever, but offered now in a so much more attractive guise than formerly. Anything in the shape of a lace slip at John Barker's is always well worth picking up, all the lace used being of superfine quality, always bought in very large quantities. It may be pointed out as significant that six whole pages of the catalogue are devoted to blouses alone. Also, it will certainly be of interest to many to learn that remnant days occur on the 12th, 19th, and 26th.

Peter Robinson's, Regent Street

An important clearance of silver-pointed fox sets at Regent Street has inspired us to the extent of a

BARGAINS AT THE WINTER SALES

The sales are now in full swing, and the West-End thoroughfares are thronged daily with fashionably dressed women on the look-out for bargains. Even the exclusive New Bond Street has succumbed to the order of the day, and at No. 28, the charming *salon* of the London Corset Company, I saw and secured numerous bargains.

For the ridiculous and altogether inadequate sum of 9*s.* 11*d.* you can purchase, from now until the end of the month, a pair of real Parisian corsets, including two pairs of suspenders, whilst the famous guinea corsets, obtainable in a dozen varieties of fanciful fabrics, can now be procured for 19*s.*

The two charming models depicted on this page are reduced during the sale to 34*s.* each, and I can imagine nothing finer for wearing with the new gowns. The choice of either is purely a matter of taste, and I will,

therefore, give you a slight description of both, and since the foundation of all smart dressing is the corset, you will be wise in purchasing a pair before the sale is over.

The one on the left is of brocaded coutille, exquisitely shaped, and with very long hip-pieces at side, and has two pairs of suspenders, the other being of white-spotted coutille, low in the bust, and very long on the hips, having also front and side suspenders.

If you are prepared to spend £3 7*s.* 6*d.* on your corset let me recommend you to try the latest silk Tricot model. It is composed of the finest knitted silk, and I can safely affirm that nothing finer in the corsetière art has ever emanated from Paris.

Some exquisite Parisian lingerie dresses, made of the finest lawn and batiste, beautifully embroidered by hand, and with numerous tucks and lace insertions, are priced at £7 7*s.* This may seem to you a large price, but when you have personally examined these artistic creations you will readily understand that they are considerably lower than their original cost. J. S.

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A complete milk and farinaceous food, easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

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"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.
"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary "Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

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ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS, as done by Mrs. Adair, is safe and almost painless. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, red veins, etc., are removed without leaving any mark or scar.

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GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC tones, strengthens and whitens the skin, closes the pores; is a splendid wash for the eyes. No one should be without this face tonic. **21/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/6.**

GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin free from chaps, making it soft and smooth. Made up to suit all skins, **10/6, 6/6, 3/6.**

PATENT GANESH CHIN STRAP removes double chins, restores lost contours, takes away line running from nose to chin, **21/6** and **25/6.**

PATENT GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP removes lines from forehead and corners of eyes, is good for neuralgia, **25/6.**

Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," 6*d.*; also for Corset Catalogue.

sketch. This reveals one of the admirable models still remaining to be annexed, the stole, of full, handsome proportions, being offered in two qualities, respectively five and seven guineas. But the muff remains at the uniform price of 59*s.* 6*d.* Never before has the opportunity been provided for securing an unquestionably high-class quality of the fashionable fox at such a popular sum. Accepting this pictured example as the average presentment, it will doubtless prove, as is our desire, an incentive to pay a personal visit to Regent Street in view of deeper investigation.

D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

Every department at this large and representative establishment has been infected with the sale spirit now hovering over the length and breadth of the land, and where the temptations are so many and great, it becomes a somewhat difficult task to make selection. But the true bargain-hunter will go to this great winter clearance sale with her campaign clearly marked out in her far-seeing brain, for she may be very sure that what she sets out to purchase will be forthcoming under eminently propitious conditions, whether it be some costly model gown, mantle, or millinery, or some less ostentatious modistic possession.

Photo *Eugene Pirou, Rue Royale, Paris*

An Attractive Model Dreçoll
An artistic photographic representation of a fashionable Parisian confection

Seldom has such riot reigned as now prevails in the dress material and unmade robe department, an embroidered eolienne Princesse model, in particular, claiming special attention. This is exquisitely cut and planned on quite the latest decreed lines, with material provided for the sleeves, the latter alone being required to complete the costume. In a delicate shade of Saxe blue, this presents a quite irresistible appearance, and it is also to be had in a variety of leading colours at the unprecedented price of 47*s.* 6*d.* A Directoire cloth robe, again at one guinea, is a unique bargain, supplied in black and all colours, inclusive of bodice material.

A long range of Cheviot and tweed suitings, 54in. wide, makes a fascinating start at 1*s.* 6¾*d.* the yard, reduced from 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, all good colours, and offered in plain, striped, and checked varieties; 1*s.* 0¾*d.* is the amazing price asked for some pure silk mervs, in sixty different shades, ideal for shirts and blouses; *ninon*, radium stripe, 44in. wide, dropping from 5*s.* 11*d.* to 2*s.* 11¾*d.* the yard; and that capital striped spun washing silk, just the very thing for morning shirts and gentlemen's pyjama sleeping suits, is to go at 1*s.* 10½*d.* the yard.

Exceptional treasures again are awaiting an early purchaser in the blouse department. And it will be as well, moreover, not to leave D. H. Evans's sale without a visit to the mantles, where a wonderful blanket coat, half-lined with silk, is to be found, in all colours, for 35*s.* 6*d.*, instead of the usual 47*s.* 6*d.*; also a tweed wrap coat at 21*s.* 9*d.*, reduced from 35*s.* 6*d.*, these both representing quite exceptional value. The sale is to continue throughout the month.

To Preserve Your Furniture

A new furniture polish has lately come my way, and I am glad of this opportunity to draw the attention of my lady readers thereto. It is known as the "Astral" Brand, and is made by Thibaut et Cie, Sutton Courtenay, Berks. It will be found invaluable in imparting that shining brilliancy which so much enhances the appearance and life of one's furniture. Being composed of the finest ingredients, "Astral" can do no harm to the wood, and its excellence is testified to by many well-known collectors. This polish is supplied in tubes at 6*d.* and 1*s.*

A New Competition

Having regard to their former gratifying successes in prize distribution, Messrs. Cailler's have decided to extend their scheme for generally awarding prizes to consumers of their excellent chocolate during the New Year, so that many others may enjoy some of the substantial benefits offered to their patrons by this universally renowned firm of chocolate manufacturers. The new competition started on January 1, and it will be found that the new scheme excels all former enterprises of a similar description. The conditions of the former competitions were, it will be remembered, extremely simple. Upon the outside wrappers of every packet of Cailler's chocolate was marked the full value. All the competitors were asked to do was to save the wrappers, tie them together, write his or her name upon the bundle, and send them to Cailler's Competition Offices, 8 and 10, Duke Street, Liverpool.

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The Garden: WINTER WORK

Planting Climbers

While the architect's idea is that walls are meant to be seen, the gardener's idea is that they are meant to be hidden, and by covering them with plants he produces effects which are often far more beautiful than could be produced by means of bricks and mortar alone. One of the finest plants for the purpose is the wistaria. There are several different species, but the common one, W. chinensis, is the best. It grows with wonderful rapidity, an early specimen (mentioned by Loudon) extending ninety feet in one direction and seventy feet in the other in about fifteen years. The handsome flowers are borne in immense numbers—chiefly on spurs on the old wood—in spring, and there are often a few in autumn. The wistaria may be planted at any time now up to March, but the sooner the better. If the gravel comes right up to the walls of the house, some of it must be removed, together with the broken bricks and other rubbish which may have been put there to serve as drainage. No plants can be expected to grow in such material. If one is to have a fair chance a large bed of good soil must be prepared for it, though afterwards, if desired, a layer of gravel may be placed on top and rolled down firmly. In that case, as top-dressing will be impossible, liquid fertilisers should be applied at intervals during the growing period. Climbing roses may be planted and treated in the same way. They often do remarkably well when their roots extend under a gravel path. The firmness of soil, due to the frequent use of the garden roller, suits them, and if only the supply of moisture does not run short they rarely fail to flower satisfactorily.

Pruning Trees and Shrubs

The pruning of deciduous trees and shrubs is generally done at this season, and if it needs doing this is, with certain exceptions, as good a time as any, for the sap has ceased to flow. The exceptions are to be found mostly among spring-flowering shrubs, such as lilacs. The flower-buds are already formed, and if the shoots are shortened these buds must go. Of course, some thinning may be performed and suckers may be removed; that is another matter. With regard to pruning generally, it is often carried out when it is quite unnecessary and even injurious. Plants are none the better for the perpetual "cutting into shape" which finds favour with some gardeners; the phrase generally means cutting out of shape. Nor is that all. The parasitic fungi which attack so many trees and shrubs are powerless against healthy bark; they can gain an entrance only at a wounded surface, and it is just this that the knife or saw of the pruner offers them, unless the wound is tarred over. Then if for any reason a branch must be removed it should be cut away completely. If a snag is left it dies, and becomes the breeding-ground of insects and fungi.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

The Menu: SUGGESTIONS FOR THE COOKERY OF GAME NOW IN SEASON

Roast Snipe

Snipe are best when plainly roasted. They should be plucked carefully so as not to break the skin; wipe with a soft cloth; do not draw them, but truss with the head under the wing, skewer through the legs, and fasten with string. Hang the birds, after having dusted them with flour and black pepper, in front of a clear fire, feet downwards, rub melted butter all over and under them. To catch the trail, place a piece of nicely toasted bread, well buttered. Baste well. When ready to serve, place the toast on a hot dish, spread the trail evenly, and dish the birds on it. Pour a little good gravy round, and serve very hot and as quickly as possible or they will be spoilt. Garnish with watercress.

Civet of Hare

Cut the hare into neat pieces and wipe them; take ½lb. of bacon, cut it into strips, and fry in a saucepan; then add the hare, and let it sauté for ten minutes. Add half a pint of port wine, a bouquet garni, and a dozen mushrooms; let this simmer gently one hour, then add half a pint of brown sauce and twenty button onions, which must be blanched; let all simmer again for half an hour, remove the bouquet garni, and add one gill of tomato sauce, half a gill of glaze, and one tablespoonful of chutney. Serve in a pyramid with fried croûtons round.

Chaudfroid of Pheasant (Cold)

Cut up the remains of a cold pheasant into neat slices, and cover these with stiffened espagnole sauce. Serve round a mayonnaise salad, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. Any game may be treated this way. For espagnole sauce, fry together 1½oz. of butter, 1½oz. of flour, a sliced tomato, a sliced onion, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually a full half a pint of good brown stock, into which three or four leaves of gelatine have been soaked; boil all together for fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil up till reduced about a fourth part.

Roast Wild Duck

Truss the birds, let them remain without basting for the first five minutes of roasting, then baste plentifully with butter before serving, dredge them with flour; send them to table nicely frothed, full of gravy, and rather under-cooked than otherwise. Serve with orange salad.

Fillets of Teal and Anchovies

Fillet the teal after roasting them about three-quarters done, lay them in a china fireproof dish which has been buttered and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese; place a fillet of anchovy on each piece, moisten with stock, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan cheese, then bake in the oven; squeeze the juice of a lemon over them before serving. If preferred, they can, instead of being baked, be put on the gridiron and a salamander held over the fillets.

Chestnut Cream

Boil about twenty chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender skin them and pound them. Put 4oz. of white sugar into a small saucepan with half a teacupful of water. Boil it till it is a syrup. Then put it over the chestnuts and pound all to a smooth paste. Whip up half a pint of cream and place in the centre of a glass dish. Place a coarse wire sieve over it, and rub the pounded chestnuts through the sieve on to the cream, keeping it high in the centre. This can be garnished with small ratafias.

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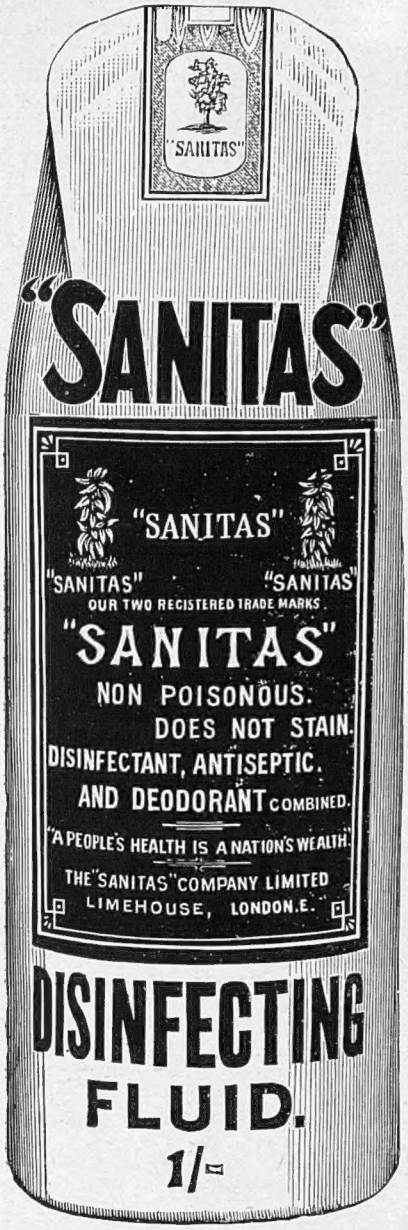

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The Editor's Box

SOME SUBURBAN PANTOMIMES

The Coronet

Mr. Robert Arthur's *Dick Whittington* at the Coronet Theatre seems sure of success. It is a splendid story for pantomime, and Mr. Frank Dix, in writing the "book," has not distorted it in any way. There are some very pretty scenes, many beautiful dances, and there is plenty of fun. The cast is happy in its combination. Mr. Harry Randall very humorously impersonates Mrs. Desiccated Edwardes, cook to Alderman Fitzwarren — a part taken by Mr. Alec Kendal, himself a humorist—and has for a partner Mr. Edward Lewis, known otherwise as Idle Jack. Miss Dorothy Firmin makes a very charming Alice Fitzwarren, Miss Constance Hyem is a boyish and delightful Dick, and Miss Anita Edis an alluring Princess. Mr. Johnny Fuller as the Cat is a great success, thanks partly to his clever dancing.

The Camden

There was no doubt about the heartiness of the reception of *Blue Beard* at the Camden Theatre on Boxing Day. Which fact reflects credit on its inventor, Mr. Peter Davey. The only dreadful mistake to be recorded is that Bluebeard hasn't one at all! Miss Lydia Flopp was a delightful Fatima, and Miss Lottie Sargent as Wilhelmina (who had crept in somehow or other from the Zuyder Zee) was dainty, pretty, and sang well. Miss Violet Vaughan put much spirit into her Lieut. Persey Pride, and Messrs. Ferguson and Mack as her Boatswain and Mate were immensely funny. Mr. Ernest Rees, another humorist, was a great favourite as Sister Ann.

The Shakespeare

Everyone who has lately visited the Shakespeare Theatre at Clapham Junction has enjoyed *Babes in the Wood*, which really is, by the way, a combination of that fairy-tale with the story of Robin Hood. Miss Nancy Hearne, who impersonates the bold robber himself, is very popular, and effectively courts Maid Marion (Miss Lena Brickwell), the Babes' Nurse. Miss Brickwell sings delightfully, and is a pretty figure on the stage. The two Missouris as Village Policemen do excellent knockabout business, and Mr. Harry Phydora, a schoolmistress, and Mr. Nat Clifford as the Wicked Uncle are most effective humorists.

Marlborough Theatre

One of the merriest pantomimes in the suburbs this year is *The House that Jack Built*, written by J. Hickory Wood, at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway. Mr. Fred Karno, who produces the pantomime, has collected together a host of well-known artists, including Winifred Ward, Maidée Scott, Madoline Rees, and Kitty Douglas; Fred Emney, Far and Farland, Little Zola, and Sam Poluski, jun. The scenery is gorgeous in the extreme. A clever and ingenious idea is the scene in which Jack is shown building his wonderful house.

Art and the Advertisement

One of the attractive and artistic posters of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, the well-known Pall Mall furnishers, which is now beautifying our hoardings

An "Animal" Calendar

An attractive calendar for animal lovers is that published by Messrs. Spratt, which consists of twelve natural colour pictures of favourite birds and beasts. These include King Charles spaniels, otter hounds, Yokohama fowls, and English finches, and a prize Chinchilla cat. Those readers desiring a copy may obtain one if they send a postcard to the Wall Calendar Department, Spratt's Patent, Ltd., 24, Fenchurch Street, mentioning this paper.

A New Pen

Joseph Gillott and Sons, one of the first steel pen makers and now, perhaps, the most eminent manufacturers in the trade, have again made a notable success. Their new pen, called "King Edward VII.," has leapt into popularity, particularly among ladies, who like its soft and easy running point. A sample box, containing twelve of these pens, will be sent post free to any of our readers, on receipt of 6*d.* in stamps, by Joseph Gillott and Sons, of 37, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., and they can also be obtained from all stationers.

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